



# THE ART JOURNAL.



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JULY, 1877.

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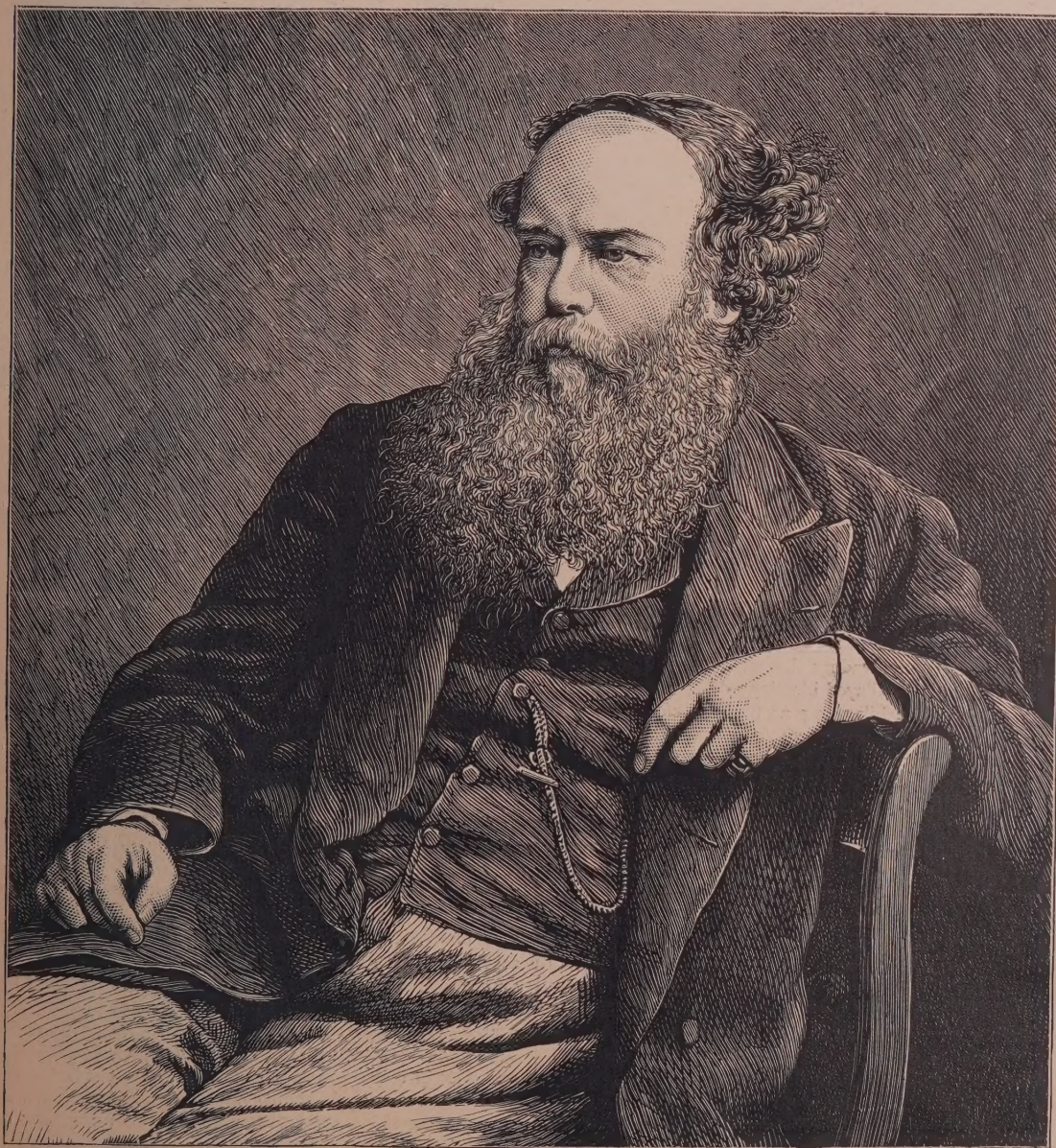
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## BIRKET FOSTER AND HIS WORKS.

CONVERSING recently with an English civil engineer of some eminence, who had been a great traveller, he remarked that of all the countries he had visited—and he had traversed the European Continent, knew something of Asia, and was not want-



BIRKET FOSTER.

ing in knowledge of the picturesque in America—no country had the same attractions for him as England in the spring-time of the year. There was nothing in Nature, he held, which would compare in point of beauty with certain parts of the south of Devon, and the

JULY, 1877.



country around Warwick, towards the end of the month of May. The trees were then beginning to look bright with foliage; the snowy petals of the hawthorn-flower crowned the hedgerows, the meadows were rich in profuse garniture of emerald-green herbage sprinkled with gold and silver leaflets of the butter-cup and daisy, and dotted with the dainty honey-laden clover-flower; the cottage

gardens seemed to him to be enshrined in bowers of lilac and laburnum; and the country, as it stretched away over dale and hill, presented to the view one vast panorama of rich vegetation arranged in scenic groupings of surpassing loveliness. I have more than once heard American travellers express themselves to the same effect, and with something like ecstatic fervour after a



*The Hay-Field.—From a Water-colour Painting by Birket Foster.*

summer's sojourning in the district of the English lakes. For myself, I confess that a full and prolonged view of the country, with leisure to contemplate its leading characteristics and beauties, comes to me as one of the unalloyed blessings of Heaven. There is nothing to me so purely exhilarating as having before my eyes nothing save what is of the Creator's own conceiving, and to study the never-wearying and manifold excellences of even the minutest detail of his handiwork.

I am disposed to insist that perfection in landscape-painting is perfection in the art of painting itself. The interest provoked by the strongest tale ever told on canvas, concerning us men and women, can never equal that raised in the mind of most of us by the veriest trifle of a story for the conception of which the artist is indebted to Nature. Give me leave to illustrate my meaning by referring to a little picture of Mr. Birket Foster's, occupying a front place in my memory. I think it is called 'The Primrose-Gatherers.' The materials of the story are very simple, but the interest awakened in the picturesque using of them is astonishing. We have a group of children, a steep bank, an upland with sheep, over in the distance the blue sea. Now, let us see what Mr. Foster is able to make out of such materials. The bank is a mossy bank of such steepness as would be likely to incite to action the venturesome qualities latent in the minds of little children. The best proof of this is that, in a sort of chair formed by the stump of a hawthorn-tree, jutting from a mound of the bank, rests a chubby little rustic of some two summers, engaged in miniature bouquet-making. Were the little body to go to sleep after the fashion of most little bodies when the sun gets high in the heavens, it would come rolling down to the ground, over moss, and bluebell, and violet,

until it finally rested on a bed of beautiful ferns with a pillow of yellow primroses for its tiny head. The joint ages of the children in the picture might be twenty-five years; their occupations, evidently, to look after each other; station in life of the parents, let us say, small farmers. These little people have come to Mr. Birket Foster's beautiful dell to pick primroses. The modest and pretty flowers are in charming abundance on the ledge of hill on which the children pursue their pleasant occupation; the breeze from the sea wafts health and spirits and vigour to their little frames; they are intensely happy in the most simple and engaging of all pursuits, wild-flower gathering; and every minute that they spend in the dell is one of profitable study. By-and-by these children will have grown up and become men and women, and the lessons in Nature they learned while primrose-gathering will be among the most cherished remembrances of their childhood. And inasmuch as Mr. Birket Foster's picture recalls to our own memories the dear remembrances of our own child-life, it has done us more good to gaze upon it than to have had placed before our eyes the grandest piece of historical painting, or the finest example of mural decoration ever conceived by the subtlety of artists. We see ourselves in the picture. We form part of it, as it were. We ourselves have swung, in daring defiance of thorn, thistle, and brier, from the same hawthorn-tree, and with the same bare arms and legs. We have sat in the same rustic seat half-way up the same ferny bank, to the manifest endangerment of our small neck, and to the serious discomfiture of the mother who has found us there. We have plucked the primroses in the same eager fashion, resolving that they shall decorate the window-shelf of our bedroom in the old china mug with the antique legendary inscription, "For a good



boy." Looking at the picture steadfastly for a moment, we arrive at the conclusion that we have thought as these children, we have played as these children, and as boys and girls, with our own uneducated little minds, we have self-taught ourselves in the woods as these children of the picture are self-teaching themselves. The most that we know now concerning wild-flowers, ferns, trees, and such-like riches of creation, was learned by us, I'll wager, before we knew aught of the science of botany; and I'll venture likewise to say that we had more interest in and knew more of the habits of the feathered songsters of the hedgerows as children than as grown-up people. Mr. Birket Foster, as an artist, is an admirable assuager of the animosities. He is never more happy than when he is giving us some pictorial idyll of domestic peace. He loves to withdraw us from the turmoil, and strife, and envy, and wickedness, of the every-day world, and to plant us for the moment in some miniature garden of Eden, where, in dreamy forgetfulness of the present, we may linger over the sweet, joyous, and careless freedom of the past.

I shall decline in this paper to constitute myself a judge of the artistic qualities of Mr. Birket Foster's paintings. I have at once closed my ears to the learned twaddle of my acquaintance, Critic, who, seated at my elbow, tells me that it is himself to whom belongs the honour of having, as a newspaper judge of pictures, first dubbed Mr. Foster's work "spotty." I am not bound, I think, to reveal anything concerning the prices paid to Mr. Foster for his works, even if I knew anything of public importance bearing on this purely personal matter. It further suggests itself to my mind that Mr. Foster's daily life being that of a quiet country gentleman, any literary intrusion on its privacy upon my part would

be lacking in propriety, and an example of bad taste. Mr. Foster is best known to the world at large by his paintings and wood engravings, and it were well at present to address myself to the consideration of matters relating to these, leaving what has reference to the merely personal side of Mr. Foster's character to discover itself as we proceed.

I began this paper by remarking that such opportunity as was granted me for enjoyment of the country came to me as a blessing of great value. And I made the remark that I might at once show myself in sympathy with the subject which I had chosen for my paper. Mr. Birket Foster is not only a diligent student of the peculiarities and beauties of English landscape, but an ardent lover of everything which pertains to it. Not only does he present us with the choicest pieces of the country-side, and the little secluded nooks and dells of the outlying hamlet; but he gives us as well an insight into the daily lives of the villagers who dwell about these places, and the every-day amusements of their children, and a peep also at the pretty cottages and by-way resting-places so dear to the lover of the old and the picturesque in England. Mr. Foster's examples and realisation of English scenery are of that kind which at once appeals even to the most inveterate lover of the town, and the rustic figures which he gives in most of his works are just of that order which chimes in with all the associations dear to the lover of the country. Moreover, Mr. Foster appeals to us through the best possible channels. He asks us to notice the exceeding beauty of even the most simple examples of creation, and he begs us be with him in his keen enjoyment of the country-life of little children—a life utterly without adulteration through contact with what people call the world. And of the



*The Cottage Nurse.—From a Water-colour Painting by Birket Foster.*

manner in which this gifted artist manages to arrest our sympathies, and keep our attention, it is needless, perhaps, to comment upon. I should suppose that the works of no living artist have been so extensively copied as have the drawings of Mr. Foster. It is quite possible that the artist may have a word to say against this—though I very much doubt it, for Mr. Foster is possessed of

ample means, and is not of a selfish disposition; he must accept this multiplicity of reproduction, however, as a high compliment to his talents, inasmuch as it is significant of a desire, on the part of those who are unable to purchase his original works, to possess such copies as are within their reach. As to his drawings in black-and-white—as to his marvellously-finished pencillings upon blocks



of wood—it would be mere impertinence in me to suppose that they are not as well known to every reader of this periodical as they are to myself. Of the quality of these productions I cannot do better than speak in the words of Mr. Tom Taylor, about one of the most able, if not the very ablest, of the Art-critics attached to the London press. Mr. Taylor says of Mr. Birket Foster that “he has, indeed, both in his drawing and in his designs for the wood-engraver, carried suavity and grace to the very highest point to which they can be carried, without falling into effeminacy, as he has pushed delicacy of execution to a pitch beyond which it seems impossible to go, without pettiness and loss of unity.”

I believe that Longfellow's “Evangeline” was the subject first selected by publishers for giving Mr. Foster an opportunity of discovering his skill in drawing on wood for book-illustrations. In conjunction with Mr. John Gilbert and Miss Jane Benham (now Mrs. Benham Hay), he illustrated an edition of this exquisite poem which found such favour with the public that the artist's fame was secured. In the two years following the publication of this work,

he was employed upon drawings which may be counted by hundreds. In the enumeration of only a few of the books which his graceful pencil ornamented during the period between the appearance of “Evangeline,” in 1850, and the year 1860, when he first began to make painting in water-colours his specialty, such prominent and well-known books may be mentioned as Cowper's “Task,” George Herbert's Poems, Goldsmith's Poems, Gray's “Elegy,” Graham's “Sabbath,” Wordsworth's Poems, and Beattie's “Minstrel.” To these must be added the illustrations “The Poets of the Nineteenth Century,” to Campbell's “Pleasures of Hope,” “Christmas with the Poets,” “Pictures of English Landscape,” “Old English Ballads,” Coleridge's “Ancient Mariner,” “Poetry of the Year,” Warton's “The Hamlet,” &c. In these, and in a multitude of other works, upon which Mr. Foster's skill has been employed, the reader will marvel at the extraordinary and rare finish displayed by the artist in his work, and at no sacrifice of effect. Indeed, it is one of the mysteries of Mr. Foster's art how he manages to conciliate such finish with such breadth of



*The Water-Lilies.—From a Water-colour Painting by Birket Foster.*

effect. To Mr. Landells, the well-known wood-engraver, must be adjudged the honour of having educated Birket Foster in the first rudiments of his art. This gentleman, to whom in early life Foster was apprenticed, had the discernment to recognise and to appreciate the talents of his pupil, which, Mr. Landells saw, lay rather in the direction of drawing than engraving. Birket Foster during his apprenticeship was altogether employed as a draughtsman on wood, and so laid the foundations of that after-success in this branch of Art which at length secured him the most prominent place among the book-illustrators of the day.

I have said that Mr. Foster most loves to adorn his pictures with episodes of rustic child-life. In one of his well-known examples in water-colours, for instance, we have children ‘Nutting;’ in another, children romping ‘In the Hayfield;’ in a third, ‘Little Anglers’ are engaged in catching minnows in a way-side pool; in a fourth, an urchin spoiler of ‘The Bird's Nest’ shows an elder sister the one small tuft of moss and withered roots which once served as home for the hedge-sparrow; in a fifth, we take part in

‘Harvest-home,’ dear to the memory of most of us who have recollections of country-life; in a sixth, the little folk go ‘To gather Kingcups in the Yellow Mead,’ let us hope, very much to their edification and enjoyment. In nearly all of the examples from Mr. Foster's studio, whether of earlier years, or of more recent times, we are introduced into the society of children, and take part in the amusements and recreations indigenous to the rural and seaside life of the young. In respect of this latter, who is there among us who has not entered into the life and spirit of the scene on ‘The Beach, Hastings?’—

“Where the children wade in the shallow pools,  
Or run from the froth in play;  
Where the swift little boats, with milk-white wings,  
Are crossing the sapphire bay.”

“The Busy Bee,” of Shoreham, which is the appropriate name of the fishing-lugger, lying high and dry on the beach, forms an excellent and welcome shelter from the sun's rays as we rest at full



length on the shingle looking at the fun hard by. Two merry little barelegged girls, full of health, full of spirits, free from care as the sparrow twittering at my window as I write, are swinging themselves by the aid of a loosened rope rigged out over the stern of the said "Busy Bee" of Shoreham. An elder sister, in the person of a rosy-faced girl of eleven, exercises her already well-developed muscle in swinging two younger sisters, evidently to the considerable enjoyment of all three. The sea just ripples upon the beach, the sun shines high in the heavens; and ourselves, lazy after our morning dip, and satiated with the morning's literature, watch the play as it goes on, partaking at the same time of delicious puffs of breeze and sniffs of fresh sea-air which are wafted across the little blue bay skirting that sunniest and pleasantest of English watering-places, Hastings. While I am discoursing on nautical subjects belonging to the studio of Mr. Birket Foster, let me dwell for a moment upon another picture of his, treating of water and shipping, in which I am greatly interested. Perhaps the reader will allow me to be in his confidence over this picture. I have button-holed him for a moment. I have him over a pipe in the garden. I call his attention to a big tub, which on occasions has served as the reservoir of the household, fed from the rain-spout which runs down the garden out-house. The clouds have filled this ample tub to the brim with summer rain until it represents a veritable miniature sea with crevices in the woodwork, and points of leakage above high water-mark representing tiny ports of call, and dangerous straits for our shipping. With regard to the scenery surrounding our sea, it is just of the kind most congenial to young sailors. It lets in the sun upon our work and gives us shade for our rest, and it speaks of beauty, and pleasure, and enjoyment. The reader and I are "Rodneys in rags," as Crabbe has put it, or Farraguts in pelisses, if he will allow me to say so, although the compliment is not of his own seeking, nor do I think worth the having. We have launched a couple of inches of lath cut to a point for our ship, have rigged on a lucifer-match a square inch of paper for our sail, and have despatched our good boat on its perilous voyage across the miniature sea. Wind we whistle for, and the whistling brings the favouring gale; and if we need to illustrate the vexations of baffling breezes, I and you, my friend, whom I have button-holed, have but to blow out our small mouths, after the fashion of small boys of an itinerant German band, to bring about the most vexatious hurricanes or cyclones that have ever battered and bullied the biggest ships of really big shipmasters. We load our small vessel with peas and gravel-ballast, and a fly does duty as crew; but, by-and-by, the load-line sinks a fiftieth part of an inch below the surface, the ship topples over, the cargo mostly goes to the bottom, the crew is left to the mercy of the waves, and we have a signal though tiny exemplification of the naughtiness and perilous consequences of overloading ocean-going ships. Having, further, received proof of the buoyant nature of rafts, and learned something also of the mysteries of flotsam and jetsam, and saved our crew by means of a skilfully-contrived paper life-boat, I rise from my knees on the gravel, and in the spirit help you to do the same, and, while releasing my finger of the button-hole, and knocking the ashes from my pipe, ask you, my friend, if, in describing Birket Foster's 'Sailing the Boat,' I have not taken you back to the days when we were children together.

My conscience tells me that I am exceeding my limits of space, and still I have left unsaid much that I had wished to say concerning Mr. Birket Foster's pictures of English scenery. I had hoped to have taken the reader by—

" . . . trees, and rivulets whose rapid course  
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer;  
And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs;  
And lanes in which the primrose ere her time  
Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn-root."

I was wanting to show him the 'Dipping-place,' beside a cottage embosomed by elms, where lasses fill their pitchers from the clear, deep, and wholesome pool. I had hoped to have brought him to the edge of a purling brook, over against the stile of a meadow, just in time to see a baby brother, frock tucked up to the knees, being guided over the slippery 'Stepping-Stones' by a not much more than baby sister. Then we would have taken pleasant

cognizance of 'The Lock,' haunt of the angler, where the voracious pike, lazily fanning his tail in token of life, lies concealed in the weeds ready to dart at the first innocent intruder upon his pasturage in the river-bed. 'The Mill' we would have glanced at, and stayed loitering and admiring the 'Donkeys on the Heath,' most excellent specimens of those wrong-headed and obstinate but not altogether uncomely animals. And, perchance, we should have had time to watch 'The Cows in the Pool' swishing the flies off their sleek flanks with their tails, and revelling in the delicious coolness of the elm-sheltered watering-place. I had hoped to take the reader by such places, and to have shown him all these pleasant scenes, for a knowledge of which I am indebted to Mr. Birket Foster; but I am reluctantly compelled to bring my paper to a close. Stay! I had forgotten one little piece of landscape. And I certainly should like to show this to the young lady who has been so good as to follow me with such attention in my humble attempt to secure more general recognition of the truthfulness of Mr. Foster's pictures. It happens to be 'A Green Lane'—whereabouts in England, in what shire, or near what town, I am not able to say; but this I know, that I myself have lingered in such a lane in Devonshire. And, what is more, I have come suddenly upon others lingering in the same lane, and not after the same prosaic fashion as myself. I have entered this lane, and coming suddenly upon a young lady with her head resting upon the broad shoulder of a young gentleman, have quietly and without hesitation withdrawn. I remember to have caught sight of one such couple very properly at the lane's entrance, which I trod with footsteps of hesitation, being conscious, it seemed to me, that I was upon the confines of a paradise of love. The young lady, a very angel of purity, in becoming dress of white muslin, with but the semblance of colour in the way of a sash of rose around her waist, toying with the ribbons of a garden-hat of straw, was reclining, as I have said, against the broad shoulder of a gentleman. I am averse to gentlemen in the society of ladies as a rule, simply because I am conscious that they have the advantage over me; but, in the case of the young gentleman who was obligingly resting the head of the young lady, I am free to confess no such antipathy arose. He was precisely the sort of young fellow I should ungrudgingly have given my own cousin to, manly physically, and a gentleman I am absolutely certain by his appearance. The young lady, it seemed to me, had just allowed her head to fall helplessly on one side from the reaction consequent upon the vigorous utterance of the words, "If you promise to love me very dearly," with which she had answered a request preferred by the young gentleman. And it struck me that the appropriateness of the reply, and the happiness surrounding it, had been greatly influenced by the deep and imperceptible impression made upon the souls of these young people by the sympathetic love of Nature exhibited in the beauties everywhere about them. Oh, but it was a lovely spot. The young couple were seated upon a lichen-covered oak, left by the wood-cutter over the season to mature, resting in the lane at the foot of a verdurous slope thick with violets, primroses, oxlips, and the fragrant and beautiful bluebell. Everything was green and bright about them—

" Green portals arching wide,  
Green grass below, green leaves o'erhead,  
Green banks on either side."

"Laburnum rich in streaming gold," growing in the garden of a primitive-looking, thatched cottage on the grassy slope above the lane, lent a beautiful and gorgeous light to this exquisite sketch of Nature's. Birds darted in and out of the thickets; the air was alive with the busy hum of insects overjoyed at the loveliness of the pasturages in which they found themselves feeding; not a plant, not a leaf, not a blade of grass in this lane, but what appealed, in the graceful beauty of its form and the brilliance of its colouring, to the inmost sympathies of man. 'The Green Lane,' painted by the hand of Mr. Birket Foster, recalls to my mind such a green lane as I have been attempting to describe; and, as it is a piece of landscape I know to be most in favour with ladies, it seemed not inappropriate that I should close this paper by calling attention to it.

CHARLES E. PASCOE.



## VENICE.\*

EVER charming, if not "ever new," when will Venice have exhausted all the resources of Art or all her attractions for the pen of the writer? The city is a mine of wealth for the artist of every description, and her annals and literary treasures are yet a prolific field of operations for the historian and the bibliographer. It is no wonder, then, that painters should still see beauty in her faded and decaying palaces, whose steps are green with dank and slimy seaweed, and in the blue waters of the Adriatic amid which the city stands; and that publishers should continue to engage the services of the artist and also those of the author to spread over the world a knowledge of a place so marvellous in its construction, so inviting in its æsthetic attributes, and so renowned for its manifold and varied development of the Arts. Of the many publications which this famous city has called into existence, none can, in its way, surpass in comprehensiveness, in variety and beauty of illustration, in intelligent and pleasant, though somewhat brief, descriptive matter, a work now being issued by the eminent publishing house of M. J. Rothschild, of Paris, whose books, of almost every class, are, as a rule, *livres de luxe*.

The purpose of M. Yriarte, to whom has been confided the task of preparing the text for the volume before us, has evidently been to aid M. Rothschild in setting out or designing a vast picture, if such a term may be used, including the history of Venice, her commerce, arts, and industry; to show how the city has gradually descended from the plenitude of her power and the meridian altitude of her beauty to her present comparatively neglected and fallen condition; to exhibit her at the same time as she was and as she is; to resuscitate, through their works, the men who, as architects, painters, and sculptors, made Venice a glory among the nations, and to show the wide-spread

task here undertaken by a most interesting semi-fictional story called "The Life of a Patrician of Venice in the Sixteenth Century," divides the subject of his present work into a variety of chapters:—the history of the city, its archives, commerce, navy and arsenal, architecture, sculpture, painting, printing, glass-work, mosaics, lace-work; the city itself, and its inhabitants, or, as he calls it, its "life." It is clear, from the programme thus set forth, that the plan of the book is a comprehensive one; yet is there no fear that the author will exhaust



Lions of the Arsenal.

influence these works have had on other European countries. In short, we are offered in these pages a kind of moving panorama of this wondrous "city of the sea."

M. Yriarte, who some time since testified to his fitness for the

\* "Venise: Histoire, Arts, Industrie, Commerce; la Ville et la Vie." Par Charles Yriarte. Published by J. Rothschild, rue des Saints-Pères, Paris.

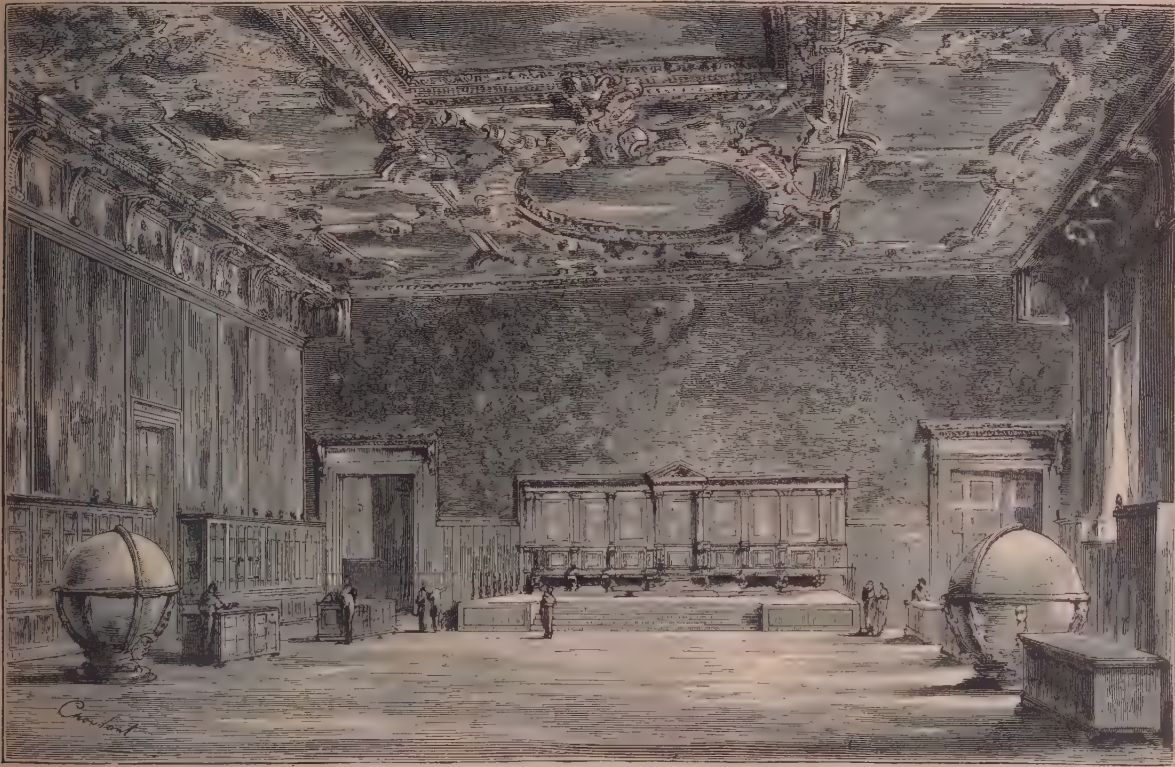


Pesaro's Tomb

his materials within the space allotted to him, which is certainly not more than sufficient, even if it is enough, for his purpose. The book must be regarded as illustrative chiefly; almost every page shows some one or more examples of the diversified Art treasures comprised within the confines of the city. Sometimes picturesque bits of external architecture—similar to those introduced on this page; sometimes we get a sight of sumptuous interiors, as that of the "Great Council Room," engraved on the next page; elsewhere are specimens of ornamental work—capitals of pillars, columns, bas-reliefs, iron-work, and kindred subjects. Then there are numerous large woodcuts, &c.—too large to admit of our giving an example—of many of the great pictures by the old masters which Venice contains; and also the doges and nobles, from that of the famous Dandolo to that of Daniel Manin, president of the Venetian republic in 1848, the "last great political name in its history," who, in modern frock coat and black necktie, with spectacles on nose, seen anything but a lineal official descendant of the magnificent looking old Dandolo.

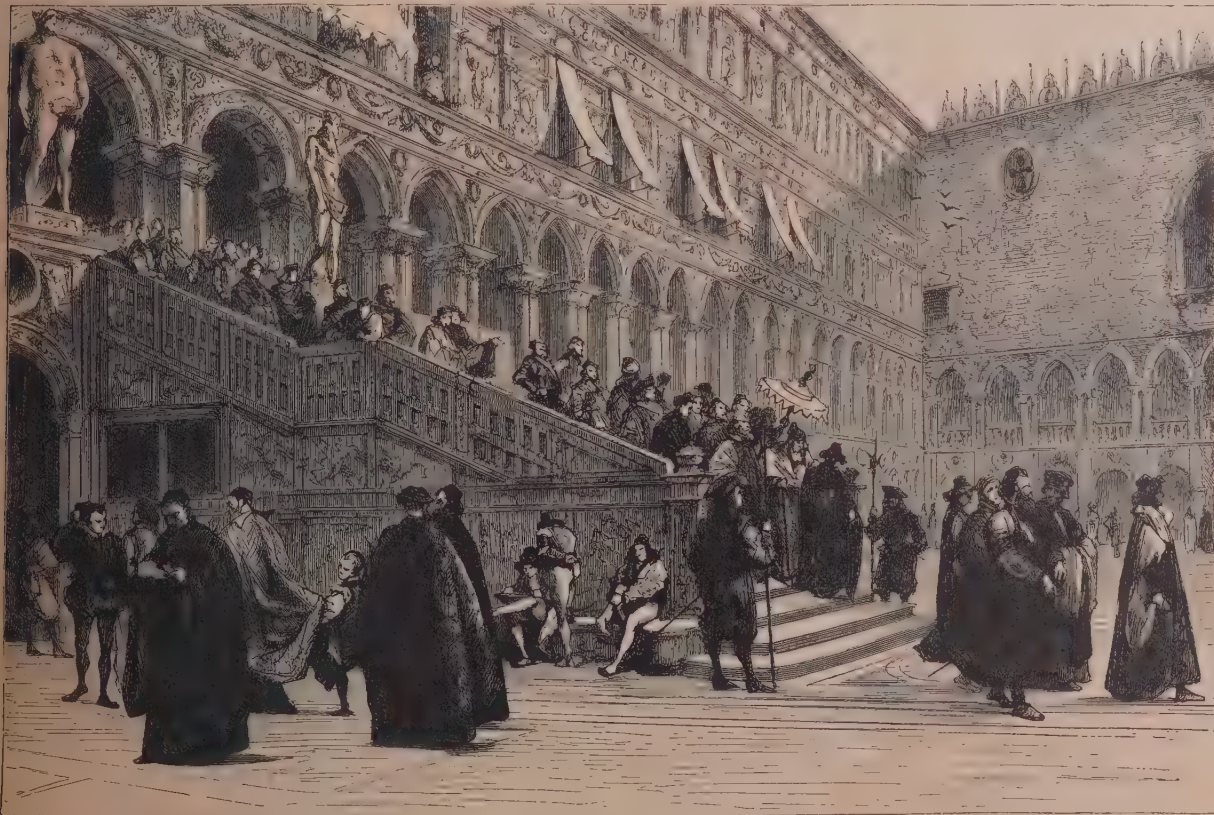


In dismissing this most interesting and richly illustrated publication — at least for the present (the first volume only



*Chamber of the Grand Council in the Ducal Palace.*

has yet made its appearance, the second is expected to be ready | in a few months)—we have only further to remark that the



*The Doge and the Council descending the Giants' Steps of the Ducal Palace.*

book and its subject are worthy of each other: to those who | know what Venice really is, no other recommendation is needed.



## JAPANESE LACQUER-WARE.

JAPANESE lacquer-ware, which is made in almost every variety of colour and design, and is so cunningly and beautifully manufactured as to defy competition on the part not only of European, but—strange to say—of the most skilful Chinese artificers, has in recent years attained such popularity in this country that our readers will doubtless be interested by a brief description of the processes necessary to bring about the effect which is so much admired in cabinets, trays, saucers, &c.; and the subject, moreover, acquires additional interest from the fact that in Japan many articles of daily household use are of plain, unornamented lacquer-ware, so that the industry furnishes employment to a large number of people. In giving the following sketch we are indebted to a carefully written report on the trade of his consular district by Mr. R. B. Robertson, the English Consul at Kanagawa (commercially known as Yokohama), the chief of those ports which are open to foreigners in Japan. Before proceeding with our description, it may be well to mention that the lacquer-ware exported from Japan is, generally speaking, that kind into which a preparation of gold powder enters, and which is known to the Japanese as *makiyé*.

The groundwork of lacquer, Mr. Robertson tells us, consists in the sap of the *urushi*-tree, the fruit of which produces the vegetable wax. The Japanese distinguish between the male and female *urushi*-tree, the former bearing no fruit. The trees ordinarily attain to a height of about forty feet, and in those parts of the country where the trade in lacquer (that is, the crude varnish, not the manufactured ware) is of any importance, the varnish is taken from the tree, when it is from four to eight years old; at the last-named period it is cut down. Where the tree is cultivated for the sake of the wax the sap is not extracted, and in some districts, where the trees are specially reserved for wax, they will be seen to grow to a considerable height. The *urushi*, or lacquer-varnish tree, is cultivated in two ways, by sowing or by cuttings. When the former plan is adopted, the fruit of the tree is lightly pounded in a mortar, so as to remove the rind from the seed. The seed is then mixed with wood ashes, and moistened with water; and it is afterwards put into straw bags, over which liquid manure is poured, and which are left to soak in water till the close of the winter. Just before the commencement of spring, on a day duly noted in the Japanese farmer's almanac, the seed is sown broadcast over the ground, and slightly covered with earth. With regard to the second method of propagation, the slips or cuttings are planted out in rows, and thinned out as soon as a leaf or two appears. Sowing, however, is more usually resorted to; as it is found very difficult to rear the *urushi*-tree from cuttings. The amount of varnish obtainable from any one tree, of course, depends on its vigour and the quality of the soil. A good, vigorous *urushi*-tree will, after four or five years' growth, have a stem of about six inches in diameter. The sap is generally drawn off when the tree has attained its fifth or sixth year of growth, and this is done in the following manner. A lateral incision is made with a knife in the trunk of the tree, and four days later this incision is punctured. The sap that exudes is then removed with a small spatula, and put into a wooden jar. One incision is made at a time, commencing from the root upwards, and the trees are taken in turn. This is continued until each of them exhibits a series of cuts all up its trunk, and they are then felled. The drawing off of the sap is begun in the middle of summer, and continues till about the month of November. The first and last sap drawn off is not considered to be of good quality, the best being that which is obtained late in the summer. From spring to summer the sap ascends the tree, and afterwards descends; the expert is therefore guided by this fact as to where the incision should be made. When the sap is descending the stem in the autumn, it is thought to be inferior. The bark of the larger *urushi*-trees being somewhat thick, the instrument ordinarily in use sometimes fails to

make the proper incision, in which case the bark is first taken off.

The *yamo urushi*, or wild varnish-tree, grows plentifully in Japan, and in leaf and flower closely resembles the *urushi*, but it meets with little attention, as it yields only a small amount of sap. There is also a species known as the *tsuta urushi*, or ivy-lacquer tree, which attaches itself to trees in the same way as ivy does; but this, again, yields even less sap than the *yamo urushi*, or wild lacquer-tree. Lacquer is obtained to a very small extent in the western portion of the empire of Japan, but several of the eastern provinces supply lacquer of excellent quality. Echizen has always held, and still continues to hold, the foremost rank for this product as a staple (although the choicest quality comes from Yoshimô in Yamato), and in any part of the empire where lacquer is obtainable there is a great demand for Echizen labourers, as they have the reputation of being exceedingly skilful in extracting the sap. Lacquer varnish is sold in Yokohama at about \$85 or \$90 per cwt.; and the wood of the *urushi*-tree, being exceptionally good, is applied to many uses, notably to the making of floats for fishing-nets.

Having thus given a brief description of the manner in which lacquer varnish is obtained, Mr. Robertson proceeds to make some remarks on the preparation of lacquer-ware. There is some difference of opinion, it seems, among the Japanese as to the date at which the art of lacquering was first discovered. Some Japanese give it as A.D. 724, but those natives who have paid more particular attention to the subject, assign its discovery to the end of the following century. It would appear to have attained to some considerable perfection in the year 1290, for the name of a distinguished painter who lived at that epoch is still handed down as the founder of a particular school of Art in lacquer-painting, and from that time it was gradually developed, until it reached its present degree of perfection. The following is a concise sketch of the mode in which designs in lacquer are worked :—

The first step taken is to trace out on extremely thin paper the required pattern or design, and the tracing is then gone over with a composition of lacquer varnish and vermilion; it is afterwards laid on whatever it is proposed to impart the design to, and well rubbed over with a bamboo spatula. The paper is now removed, and the outline, impressed upon the material, is gone over with a particular kind of soft lacquer varnish. When this industry is carried on in hot weather, the varnish dries very quickly, and consequently where the pattern is a good deal involved—such as one representing bunches of flowers or flocks of birds—a small portion only of the design is executed at one time, and the gold powder, which enters largely into most of the lacquer-ware intended for exportation to Europe and America, is applied to each part as it is being executed. In doing this portion of the work a large and very soft brush is used, and by means of this the gold powder is well rubbed in with the lacquer or varnish. The work is then left to dry for the space of about twenty-four hours, after which the pattern is lightly rubbed over with charcoal, by which process the skilful workman secures evenness of surface. The work is next rubbed with polishing powder, and afterwards carefully wiped. The preceding description simply applies to the mere outlining, on any given surface, or the groundwork of figures of men, women, birds, flowers, &c., and there still remains a good deal of finishing work to be done, as, for instance, the tracing of leaves on trees, the petals of flowers, the wings of birds, &c., according to the particular subject in hand. Into all these gold powder largely enters, the working in of which requires a light brush and a skilful hand, so as to ensure an even mixture of the powder and varnish. After this has well dried a lacquer varnish known as *yoshimô urushi* is well rubbed in, and the whole is then polished with horn dust; this polishing process is done with the finger, and is continued until the gold glitter shows out well.



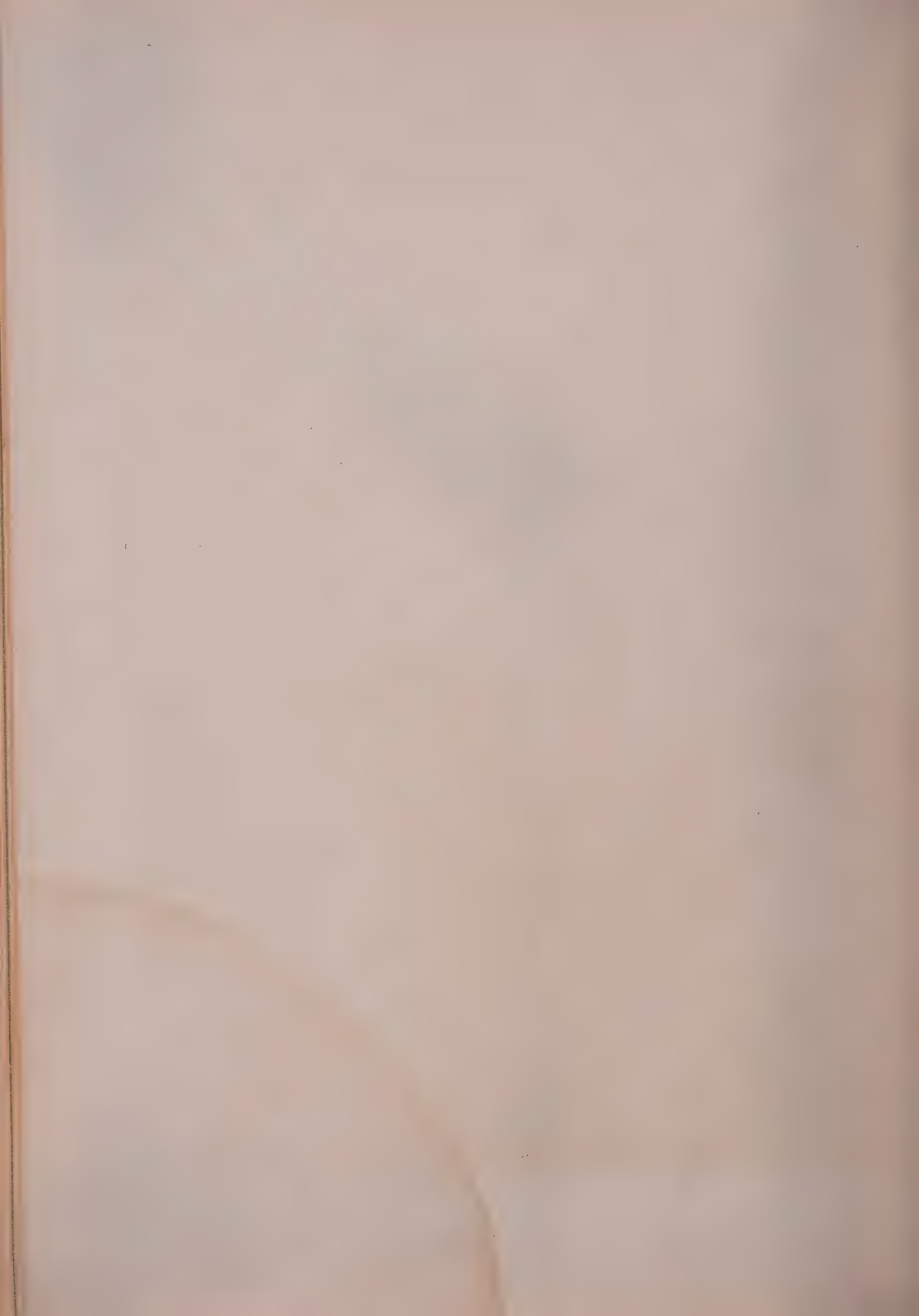


C.F. JALABERT. PINX.

G. BERTINOT. SCULPT.

THE FIRST HOPE







## SCENERY OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

## VII.

THE contrast could scarcely be sharper than it is between the country in which we go to sleep on the fifth night of the overland journey and that in which we awake on the sixth morning. The scorched, verdureless, uninspiring mountains, and the flat, fallow plains of the Humboldt, are replaced in the view from the car-window by the pine-clad Sierras; the misty blue of deep

cañons; the content of pasture-land; the cold, brilliant surface of Alpine lakes; and the rosy and white tips of preëminent peaks.

At sunset we were in a region unutterably silent and desolate, upon which the intrusion of a railway seemed anomalous, so far-reaching and uncompromising was the barrenness. The sunset cast an evanescent warmth on the blighted soil, and a small patch of re-



*Lake Tahoe.*

luctant green marked the pool in which a wide river disappeared. We have travelled steadily on through the night, stopping at a few stations, which hold on to existence by a thread; and passengers, awaking while the train has been still, have been startled by the complete silence of these outposts. The drought and infertility have spread as far west as the eastern slope of the Sierras; we have cut through the mountainous barrier by the cañon of the Truckee River, and have crossed the line which separates California from Nevada.

When the curtain of night is lifted, we are spinning around huddled foot-hills at an exhilarating altitude; the earth is densely green, the sky intensely blue, and the atmosphere electrical. We

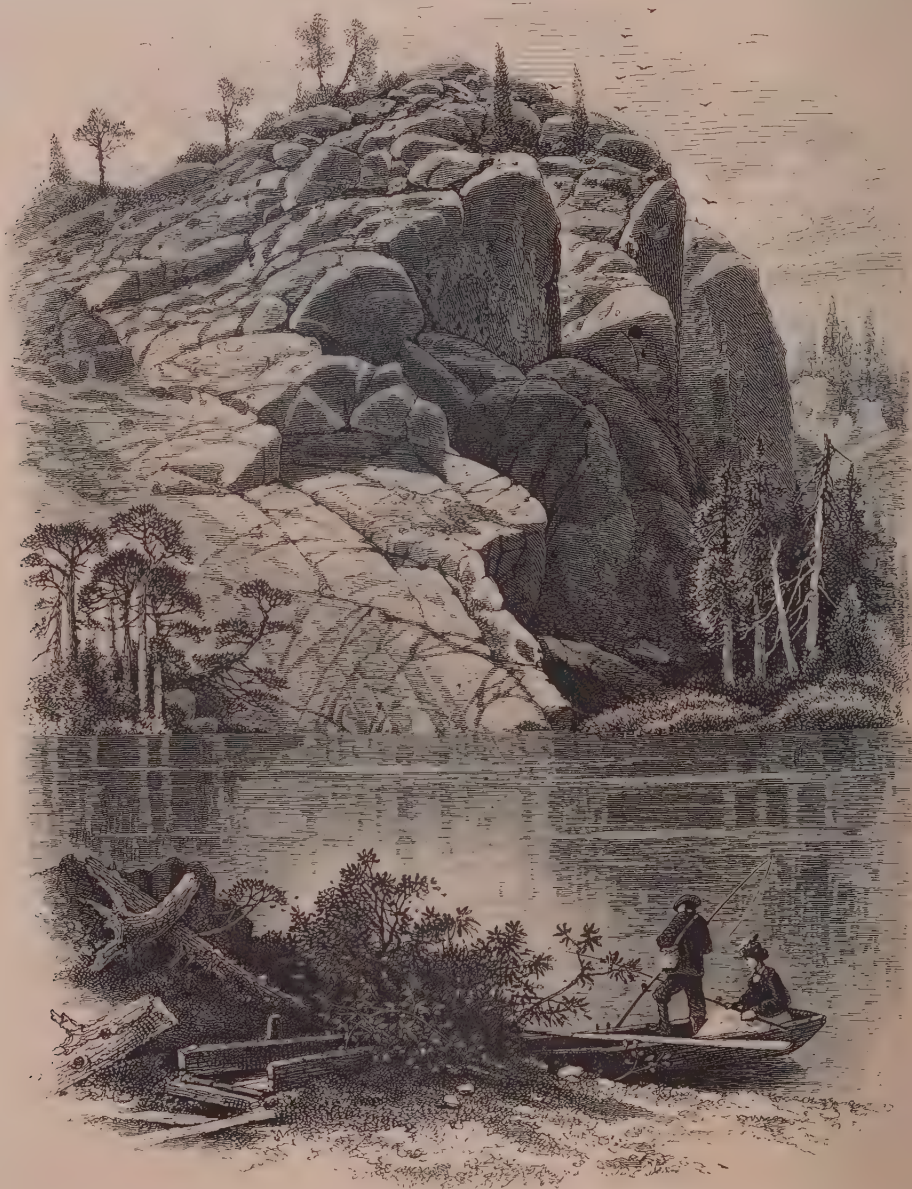
are in the very heart of the Sierras, upon which the snow falls to a depth of thirty feet, and in which the immigrants of old met the last obstacle before reaching the golden lowlands of California.

Comparisons are suggested between this range and the Rocky Mountains, the latter being much superior in altitude, and rougher in conformation, while the Sierras are more imposing in the view from the passing train; the railway threading them by more difficult passes than those near Sherman by which the eastern range is crossed. Another point of contrast is in the vegetation. A scattering of stubby cedars and dwarf-pines, exhausted from the effort to sustain themselves, are the limit of verdure in that section of the Rocky Mountains penetrated by the railway; but in the Sierras the



pinus are plethoric in numbers and phenomenal in growth, streaking the steepest mountain-sides with their straight, inflexible shafts, and toning the landscape with their sombre dark-green. Eighty, one hundred, and one hundred and twenty feet are not uncommon sizes for those forest stoics, which seem to grow for the love of the mountains, independently of nutrition. Again, while the peaks are not as high, the track approaches them nearer than it does those of the Rocky Mountains, and the traveller may find himself among their snows when the lowlands are hot in August.

"For four hundred miles," says Clarence King, who has made extensive surveys of the region, "the Sierras are a definite ridge broad and high, and having the form of a sea-wave. Buttresses of sombre-hued rock, jutting at intervals from a steep wall, form the abrupt eastern slope; irregular forests, in scattered growth, huddled together near the snow. The lower declivities are barren spurs sinking into the sterile flats of the Great Basin. Long ridges of comparatively gentle outline characterise the western side; but this sloping table is scored from base to summit by a system of parallel



*Lake Angeline.*

transverse cañons, distant from one another often less than twenty-five miles. They are ordinarily two or three thousand feet deep—falling at times in sheer, smooth-fronted cliffs; again in sweeping curves, like the hull of a ship; again in rugged, V-shaped gorges, or with irregular, hilly flanks—opening, at last, through gateways of low, rounded foot-hills, out upon the horizontal plain of the San Joaquin and Sacramento."

The overland trains from the East and West pass some of the most interesting scenery of the Sierras in the night; but the tourist who alights at Reno and makes the *détour* to Virginia City may

continue his journey to Sacramento by freight-train in the day, and this is what we should advise him to do, as the sights on the way will handsomely repay him for the inconveniences of the boose.

At Reno connection is made with the Virginia and Truckee line for Carson and Virginia City, the former thirty and the latter fifty miles distant, and at Carson stage connections are made. Lake Tahoe, which is fixed in the writer's memory as one of the exceptional revelations of Nature to which the most ardent enthusiasts of Art cannot give undue praise nor exaggerated inter-



tation. After the stage has been toiling up-hill for two or three hours along a dusty road, partly strung across a precipice, upon which swarm pines, firs, oaks, willows, and many strongly individualised shrubs, such as *manzanita*, with its brilliant crimson berries and birch-coloured stalks, and pale white-thorn, which in contrast with the former resembles a withered old man side by side with an exuberant country girl; after two or three hours of travel, each moment of which has widened the outlook, and brought a stronger and colder wind, with a greater pungency of resin, into the face—

the traveller attains the summit of the divide, and becomes the master of a visual situation commanding two extensive and very dissimilar pictures.

His gaze turned to the east, he sees the smoky-red desert, with spiral columns of dust rising out of it—a relief-map washed with one colour—that colour an inarticulate expression of dejection: the surface of the earth is crumpled with mountains to the extreme horizon, and the mountains have no other beauty, no other variation to their prevailing maroon tint, than an occasional patch of



*Donner Lake, from the Snow-Sheas.*

snow. Now let him face the westward. Again there are mountains, a visibly accentuated chain drawn from the farthest north to the farthest south. But these are of imposing height, sharper modelling, and varied colouring—blue, purple, olive, and grey. The flat, wide valley of Clear Creek is interposed, and beyond this Lake Tahoe is discovered—cold, lucid, quivering with light, and encircled by an edge of snow-tipped peaks. No view of the Sierras from the railway is so fair and impressive as this, which is one of the grandest in all the far West.

A rapid descent through an “open” cañon, thickly studded with pines and firs, brings us to Glenbrook, on the shore of the lake, and thence the water may be circumnavigated by means of a little steamboat, which makes daily trips between May and October.

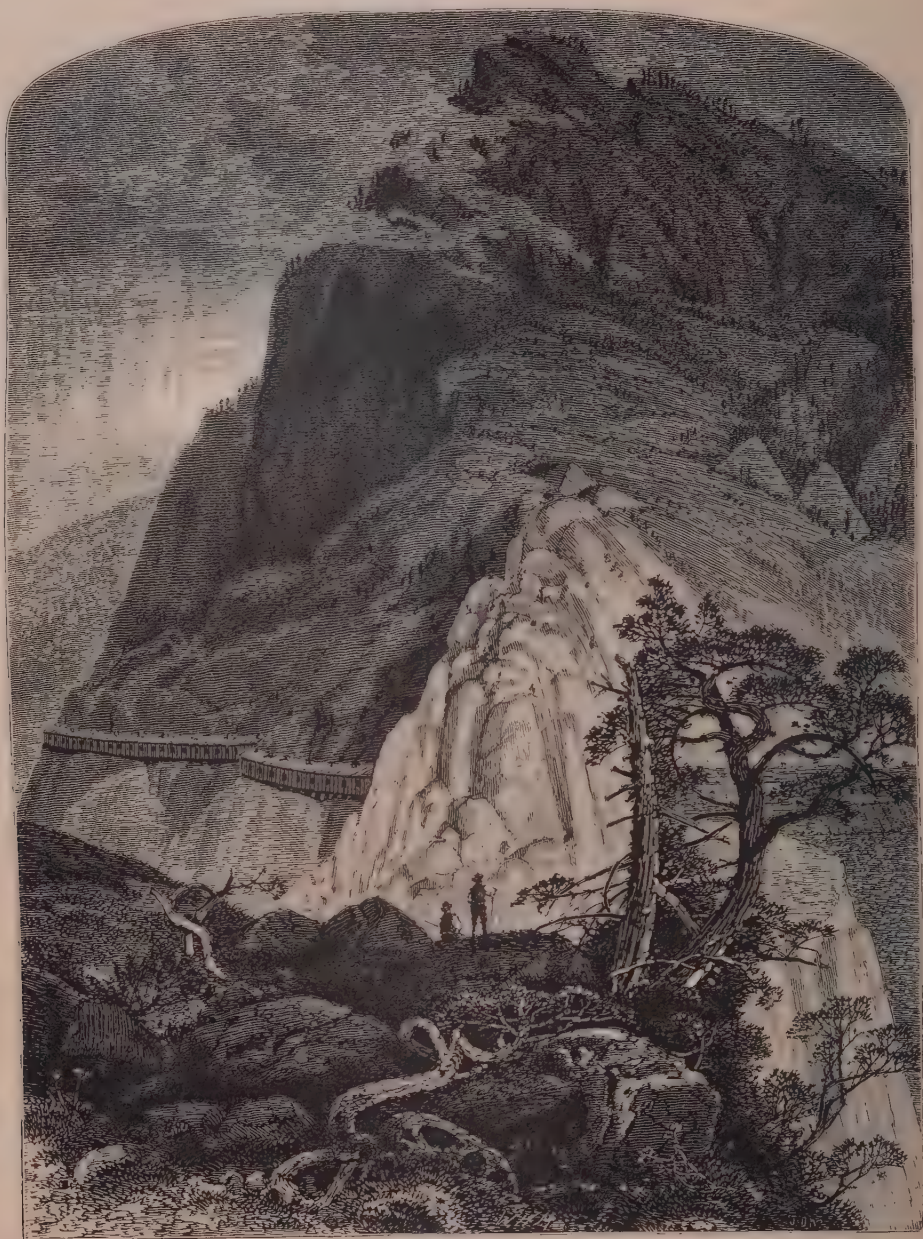
Tahoe is about twenty-two miles long and ten miles wide. One-fourth of it is in Nevada, and three-fourths in California. The circumference is about seventy miles, allowing for the indentures of the shore. The water has been sounded to a depth of over 1,600 feet, and is marvellously clear. Near the shore it is a



transparent emerald, flecked with the white of rounded granite boulders embedded in yellow sand, and in deeper places it is a blue—not such an indigo-blue as the Atlantic, but an unusual shade resembling the turquoise, its motion being as heavy as that of oil, and the low waves falling from the prow of a boat like folds of silk. There is a gloomy theory that the human body sinking in this serene depth is engulfed forever, and it is a fact that the bodies of the drowned have never yet been recovered. Marvellously clear as the water actually is in the shallows, moreover—the boats

floating upon it seeming to be suspended in the air as we look down upon them from the landings, and nothing save a thin sheet of glass seeming to intervene between the eye and the bottom—is apparently opaque in the greater depths, an illusion which is only dispelled by the iridescence of a stray trout sporting at a depth of thirty or more feet.

The lake is over 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and at times is so fiercely ruffled by the winds from the mountains that navigation has to be abruptly closed.



*Donner Peak.*

From Tahoe City, a small settlement on the western shore, a stage-road leads through the Truckee Cañon to Truckee, where we reconnect with the Central Pacific Railway, thirty-four miles west of Reno. Within a convenient area there are several other lakes, all of them offering inducements to the sportsman and to the lover of Nature: Lake Angeline, of which Mr. Woodward has made a striking illustration; Cascade Lake, near Tahoe; Silver Lake, from which the water-supply of Virginia City is drawn; Palisade Lake, famous for trout; Fallen-Leaf Lake, which, to the writer's mind, is

the prettiest of all; and Donner Lake, which is within three miles of Truckee. The latter is held in by mountains, including the famous Donner Peak—forests of evergreens sloping to the water's edge, outward from which the banks are repeated in reflection. The best view is obtained from the western summit, however, and this is the standpoint which our artist selected for his picture.

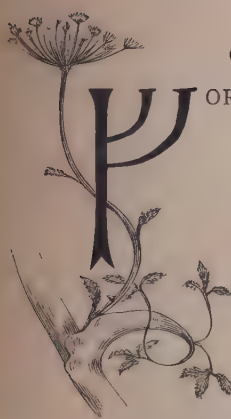
West of Truckee, the snow-sheds frequently interrupt the view from the cars; and in between Strong's Cañon and Emigrant Gap they are almost continuous for twenty-nine miles.



## NORWAY.\*

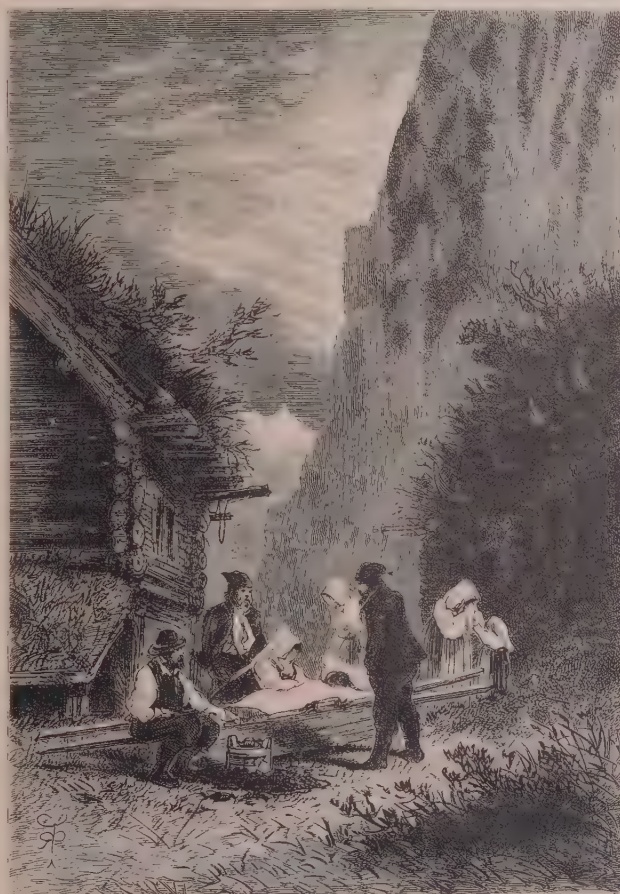
By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

## CHAPTER V.

OR some days we had been on the tramp and arrived at Indfjord. Thursday, August 20th, 1875, was a sad day at Indfjord. Returned from a long tour through very wild, rough districts where food was not to be obtained nor lodgings to be had, we were settling down for a good night's rest, certainly under difficulties, at the farmhouse of a good bonder, or farmer, named "Ole Erikson Boe," when the gruesome news came of a disaster in the mountains above—a tremendous rock crash, or "steen skreed," had taken place in a spot called Sjolbotten, some three thousand feet above, where there were two "sæters" occupied by two "piges," who had charge of the cows belonging to the good people down the valley. We started off at once. In a more than quiet spot like this, with what a crash such news bursts upon every one! what sympathy it brings out; what interest in the details of the occurrence; what interest in the sympathy of others! What sadness marks each face; how quiet all are, though all are talking, but in subdued voice. We pass on, with a little provision in our wallets, and soon come to some reapers in the valley, working in the fields, with leather aprons for their protection. We started with Halver Jacobsen, the owner of the sæter, who went up, taking a pony and foal, in case the mare's services were required: the foal always runs by the mother. On our sad mission, we could not be otherwise than struck with the joyfulness of the foal; the abounding spirits of the young creature, its caprioles and quirks and capers. Before arriving at the steep part of the ascent we stopped at a small outbuilding close to the farm, the front of the house looking over the Indfjord, through the door, with a grand expanse before one—the morning light shimmering down to the edge of the water, far, far below—all seeming peace and gladness. At the back of the house, between that and the Laave, we found a vastly different scene—pain, grief, and heavy hearts. What a contrast to the brightness on the fjord side—the sunny side that was! The anxious group was in shadow, comparatively speaking; the centre of attraction was a roughly-made stretcher, on which was lying, hardly conscious—pale and agonized and bone-broken—Ingeborg, Erichsdatter, Griseth. Poor girl! she had been brought down some three thousand feet, by a very steep sæter path, hardly any road, jogged and shaken, with one leg broken, ribs crushed, and her face much cut and bruised by the cracking up of the sæter before the overwhelming force which carried it away. Around her were the bonder folk, and one poor old woman whose grief seemed beyond consolation. The autumn was advanced, winter coming quickly on—for the first snow days had begun. She had only one cow to support her; that was at Sjolbotten and was killed, and her only hope of livelihood for the moment swept from her: no kind of cow could be got under £5, and "no siller had she." What a chance for some rich Samaritan to heal a broken heart for the small sum of £5! but as "many a mickle makes a muckle," so, doubtless, would a new cow be bought by the loving hearts and kindly spirits of the good Indfjord-folk. Their kindly love for each other is a lesson to even the most civilised among us. It is very noticeable that small communities care for everybody; large masses notice no individual—only charitable institutions.

But we have not yet commenced the ascent. Through brush-

wood the mare leads; the cheerful foal diverging now and then, in the self-conceit of all young things, fancying they know better than their mothers. It was a steep climb. The mare slipped; but Halve said it was all right, she knew the way. The morning sun was warm, and as soon as we arrived at a kind of ledge looking over the valley and fjord we halted. What a lovely—or rather, what a grand scene it was! Still there was no forgetting our mission; no shaking off its sadness. Our present object, after Ingeborg's arrival, was to go up and see after her companion, Ingrana. Our halt was not for long. We had already taken off our coats, and hung them on a pine-stump. To our surprise, Halve left his there until our return, and said, when we did not, "You can leave anything, as you like, in Gamle Norge." En route, in three hours we had left our last briar and alder behind, and were on the plateau of the High Fjord, and found much "smørgrass," so good for cows. "Smør" being the Norse for butter, will explain the name. Now, for a long time, we tramp over the "botten," carpeted with rich flora; at the end we saw the steen skreede, or landslip. Several bonders were already there, some four or five, and seemed very surprised



*The Halt at Griseth.*

to see a foreigner coming up with Halve. A few words of explanation, and all was understood; one common object in view, that of helping each other, soon bound us together. Ingrana, naturally, had not been to sleep since the disaster; it is difficult to imagine any Norske pige nervous, but poor Ingrana had been shaken and frightened out of her wits. Her

\* Continued from page 180.



*verbatim* description, after a little entreaty and patience on the part of the persuader, ran thus: "Early in the morning, Ingrana was awoke by a heavy rolling sound of thunder, and directly followed a crash. She rushed from her sæter, and coming out of her door, saw Ingeborg's sæter carried away and buried." It is difficult to realise the feelings of this simple-minded girl, living this solitary life for three months. In a moment—a second of time—one taken and the other left. Ten cows also were buried; and Ingrana left alone, to go down this lonely mountain with the sad news, leaving her companion fixed, pinned, and crushed, until she could return with help. We

arrived after three and a half hours' hard ascent; some so much milk that had been left was given us. The Englishman elicited a smile from Ingrana, when, taking the bowl from his lips, his moustache was white with cream. This was hopeful and a good sign.

"The slip was accelerated by a very large waterspout striking the face of the mountain, as amongst the rocks which were brought down was a quantity of sand, and the pressure and action of water were palpable, leaving deep pools in many places."

The scene was appalling; a wreck in the wildest sense of the



*The Runic Stone near Indfjord.*

word. Some three-quarters of a mile of mountain side had come down, carrying all before it, "rammed," as the Norse word is. Huge rocks, a few stunted trees, hardly any kind of herbage. What a hurlyburly of desolation! Looking across and over it were seen the placid distant fjord and open sea. What a contrast, the peace of one and turbulence of the other! Still the damage was a known quantity; every year something of the kind happens; a similar convulsion takes place, sometimes with loss of life, sometimes without. The sketch on page 208 was taken from the lower portion, looking up-

wards. After going over the greater part of this chaos, we went back to the preserved sæter; we were most kindly received and our sympathy was accepted in the same spirit in which it was offered. Then we returned. We found Halve's coat quite safe and undisturbed, and after the usual time arrived at the bonder below, Ole Erikson Boe. A simple repast of good "flad brod" and "bunker;" no meat here. We rested, and early in the morning started for Fiva. During the evening Boe showed me an old Danske Bible, folio size, 1590, with large brass clasp. The good folks wanted me to bring my wife to the funeral,

MIRINEYPIPIIT

*Inscription on the Runic Stone.*

case the poor girl should not survive. In the morning we went down to the shore, as we heard the steamer for Molde was coming in to take Ingeborg to Molde should she be still alive. Life was all but extinct when she was got on board. Ole Fiva and myself started in boat for Veblungnæss, having thanked the good people of Indfjord for their kindly welcome, and they thanking us much for our interest and sympathy, and pressing me to bring my wife to Indfjord, where they wished to welcome her too.

The morning was lovely for boat travel; such peace that

convulsions such as we had witnessed seemed incredible. Still it was no dream, and the inhabitants of Indfjord, the family of Ingeborg, Ingrana, and the poor woman without her solitary cow, all were stern realities.

Soon after our return to Fiva we heard that Ingeborg was dead, had been taken back from Molde, and was to be buried in the "gravested," Indfjord, September 2nd, 1875.

Early morn, September 2nd, we started, drove in cariole from Fiva to Veblungnæss; then took boat, having sent on the boat with six oars, self, wife, daughter and Ole Fiva; so we set off



to the funeral at Indfjord. A lovely, peaceful morning it was as we left the landing-place at Veblungnæss; soon the six oars began their sturdy dip as we came under the shadow of the mountains; the dip was strong, as Norwegians only can row, for a long travelling sweep and perfect time. After settling down with our "teena" of provisions—for we were travelling Norskily, and no "Norske" is complete without teena, and well filled—there seemed a sad tone pervading the boat; our mission was one of sympathy for the bereavement of others, with an after-thought of thankfulness that we had been spared in health, sound in body and bone. The melancholy of every one soon after this was broken by a remark from Ola that we should soon see the Runic Steen, half a Norsk mile from Veblungnæss. A lieutenant of Engineers, who was superintending a new bridge, had described this stone to us, and we were eager to see it. At last we came upon it. The boatmen ran alongside, threw water over

it, and I sketched it. In 900 years, "pluvial attrition" alone is sure to make its mark; to say nothing of our energetic friend Neptune's constant stormdrift, storm, and tempest. (The writer would apologize for the term "pluvial attrition," but there are so many long words about just now, what with street advertisements and urban authors.) A general view of the Runic Stone is given on a preceding page: the initial ornament of this chapter was drawn from a plant plucked on the spot. The letters are thirteen in number, and their length about eighteen inches. Twelve feet from the sea level a ledge of rocks runs under low-water mark, projecting some few feet, under this is supposed to be secreted untold wealth.

The translation of these Runic hieroglyphics is, "The Court of Justice," and this was evidently placed in a conspicuous place to guide any who came to the court in old pagan days; for as already stated, Romsdal was one of the last livers of the pagan



*The Gravested: Ingeborg's Funeral, Indfjord,*

period. Above, high up, close to Sylbotten, was a temple—pagan; but the Court of Justice was held at Devold Romsdal. There was now a regular good settle down for a long pull. Up to this time we have been in shadow, now we round a point, and taking what a landsman would call "first on the left," we go due south down to Indfjord. The sea-water so clear! the quartz rocks reflected *à merveille*, like the good old chandeliers of our grandfathers after a spring cleaning; the rich sun-lit yellow sea-weed, grander far than ormolu; and here are three herons in repose, water ousels with their snow-white breasts, and now and then sparkles by an old cormorant or diver. As we go down the fjord the snow range at the end of it blocks in everything, the morning mist waiting in the valley for exit, if possible. By this time we near the hamlet, and high above us on the left, on a kind of plateau, we see many figures congregated. They were in front of Erich's house, Griseth being the name of the farm. We soon steered in, and then between two boat-houses, at a rude

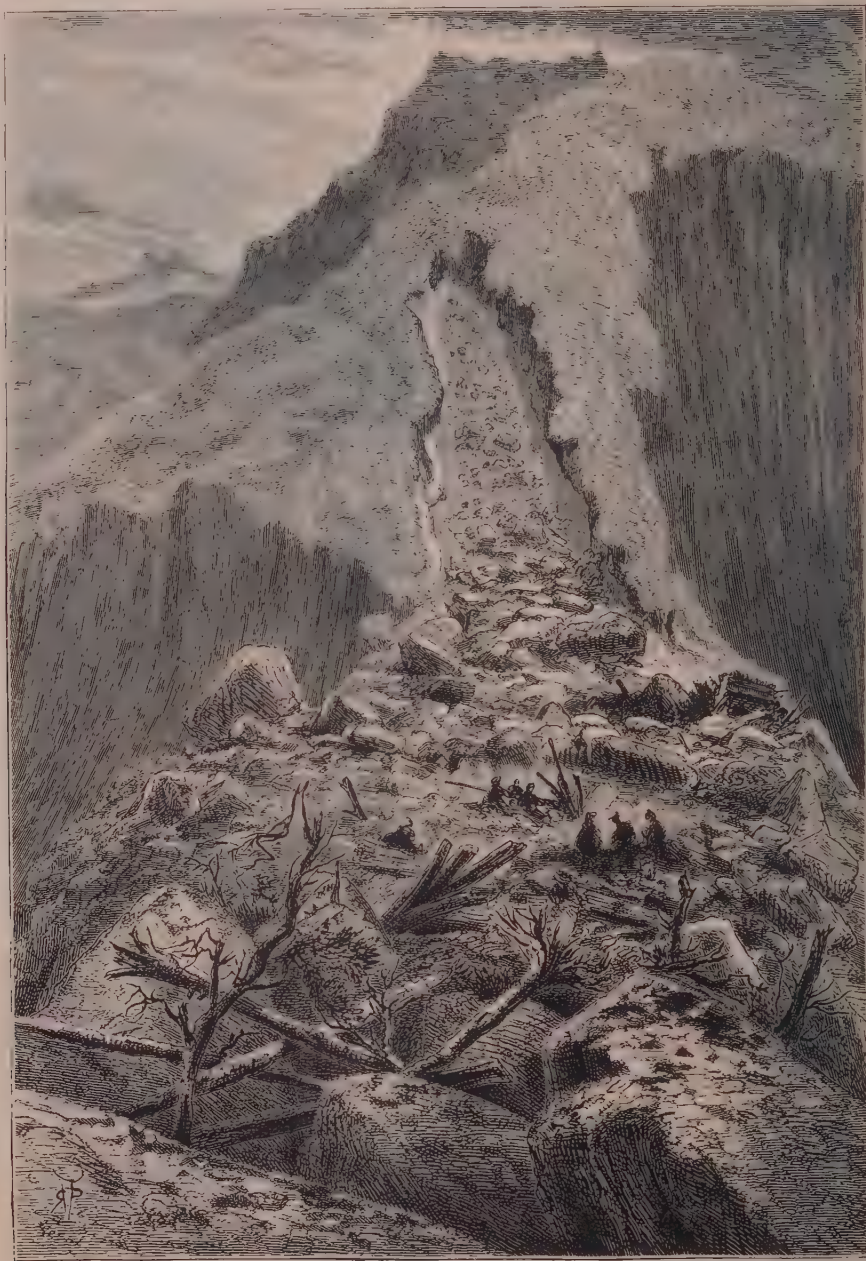
pile-driven landing-place, the well-known scrape of keel on shore was heard, and we had safely arrived at Indfjord. By this time Griseth had sent down to meet us and invite us up to the house, but we return message of thanks that we would rather not disturb the family, but await their arrival at the gravested; so with our teena, or carved-wood box, we picked out a spot for lunch and enjoyed some cold reindeer-meat, biscuit, cheese, &c. During the lunch we could see the bonderfolk collecting high up at Griseth, overlooking fjord, and at two o'clock we saw them by the telescope start down the narrow mountain path, the coffin on a little cart, lashed on to prevent it slipping down hill. Soon they were lost in a dip in the wood, then emerged nearer to us. At this time, as we stood at the gravested or graveplace—like our word homestead, homeplace—a man came up and shook hands with us, and then went on to toll the bell, standing on the wall, for here there is no church, only a bell-tower. Soon the procession drew near: first the coffin, black,



lashed on to the hay-cart, and drawn by a beautiful young black Norsk pony; his collar was old carved-wood painted; the bonder driver walking behind the coffin, which bore three wreaths of wild flowers; at a distance behind the coffin came the men, an interval, and then the women sorrowing; then men of the family, many sad hearts, and Ingrana. It was a modest scene indeed, but impressive. When the pony arrived it stopped at the gravest, and hearing the tolling bell, he shied and jibbed, as if regretting what he had done. The coffin was therefore

carried in at once. There being no clergyman, a friend sang a hymn. The coffin was lowered into the grave; the wreaths removed; the ropes were withdrawn. Some one said to Ingrana "You were lucky to escape." "I could not have been ready," she said; "God wanted me not, and left me a little longer. She was ready," meaning Ingeborg, whom they were burying.

They then sang the second hymn, "Hjemme, Hjemme," as the friend shovelled the earth in, and the heavy thud of the large spadeful boomed like parts of Handel's "Dead March."



*Landslib at Sylbotten, Indfjord.*

"Saul." After filling in the grave the wreaths were placed on the newly-risen mound, and the ceremony closed with "Hjemme," the weird sea-birds screamed, and all went away together. Many will recount the story of Ingeborg, Erichsdatter, Griseth.

Before leaving the gravest the grave-boards must be noted, they are so remarkable in form, so quaint, also so Bosphoric. Sometimes a white butterfly is introduced, as typical of the soul. How different to the present association

with the allegory of their transient nothingness! After the funeral we had to pay two or three visits. All the farmers wanted us to visit them; some to tell of sport, some to offer us *aqua vitae* and stamped cakes like the Dutch waffles, and when we arrived back at Ole Erikson Boe's he gave me an old Norske belt as a memento of our visit, and carefully that memento treasured.

So passed away Ingeborg, Erichsdatter of Griseth, and Ingrana remained waiting her bidding.











## DECORATIVE DESIGNING.



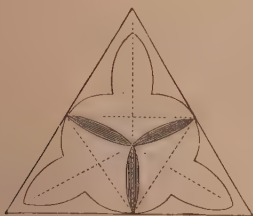
THE records of history, from the earliest times till our own day, bear their testimony that symbolical picture-writing is an instinctive language of mankind. This picture-writing is not in imitation of natural forms, but all nations, from the wildest savages of Africa to the Sandwich-Islanders of the present time—the peoples of the remotest antiquity while history was in its twilight, as well as the most civilised races—have resorted to certain conventionalisations of real objects to express their ideas in a more or less complete artistic shape. This mode of expression, as universal as the human race, includes various degrees of representation of natural things, from the rude hieroglyphics of Egyptian architecture, in which three or four lines arranged in peculiar combinations indicate men or animals, to the elaborate carved processions of winged bulls with the faces of men, which decorated the palaces of Nineveh, and had a spiritual significance to their authors. In modern days we see nearly everywhere the conventionalised scroll-work that ornaments the pillars of our greatest buildings, in the cathedrals and city-halls of the past few centuries. We all remember the exquisite carving on the capitals of some of the famous pillars of the Doge's Palace at



*Trefoil Base of Designs.*

Venice, and the tracery which suggests acanthus-leaves to such perfection that only the closest observer can make out that the rounded figures, which cut with their delicate edges the shadows they enclose, are not literal imitations of Nature, but only their adapted representation.

Between the rudimentary form of the ancient Egyptian ibis and the carefully-detailed animals which make the embellished gargoyles on the cathedrals of Cologne, Strasburg, or Amiens, the difference of detail is so striking that one compares the first of them to child's work, while the elaborateness of the latter clearly shows the discriminating thought of a full-grown man, though both equally indicate by their conventionalised peculiarity the influence of that Art which, as Emerson says, is "Nature passed through

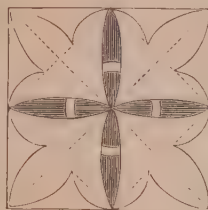


*No. 1.*

the alembic of man." It is only of late years, under the influence of Mr. Ruskin, and the set of thinkers of his realistic tendency, that people have fallen into the error of supposing that Art is properly a servile imitation of natural objects, in which ideas of symmetry and geometrical proportion are ignored; and the erratic irregularity into which this chase after Nature has run shows us at once the hopelessness of the pursuit and its failure to realise a complete or satisfying result.

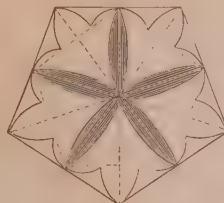
But in every period of time a true artistic end has been accomplished when the well-observed features of natural objects have been chronicled within the conventionalised limits of a few geometrical

rules, that include proportion, symmetry, and a proper subordination of one part of the figure to another. The Bible commandment, "Thou shalt not make to thee any graven image, nor any likeness of anything in heaven above or in the earth beneath," so literally obeyed in the Mohammedan religion, has brought into distinct prominence in the Art of Mohammedan nations the characteris-



*No. 2.*

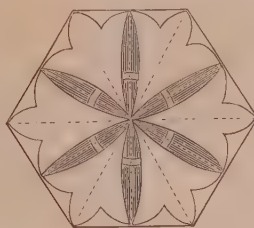
tics that belong to conventionalisation. The arabesques of the Saracens, which represent neither animal nor vegetable Nature, but only combinations of abstract lines, are graceful, grotesque, or picturesquely irregular, and contain all the principles requisite to fuse natural objects into the formality of artistic compositions. The existence of this peculiarity, which is present in all good work, is frequently not perceived by the ignorant student who examines the rich carved tracery of leaves, or animals, or men, which consti-



*No. 3.*

tutes the elegance and beauty of so much of the mediæval Christian architecture. Such a person does not observe how the lines in a flower or beast not only form the leaves of the one and the limbs of the other, but that their twisted forms apparently bind an arch or strengthen the supports of a column. He does not see that the involved curves in a rose-window lead the sight towards the central figure of a heavenly dove or the Divine Eye, and that the lengthened tendrils of a vine heighten the column around which they cling.

We recollect no better illustration of the use of natural forms for the purpose of geometrical decoration than is afforded by the nu-



*No. 4.*

merous niched statues on the Cathedral of Milan. Seen from a distance too great to admit the distinctive features of the saints or priests to appear, the multitude of perpendicular lines, long and short, of every conceivable variety, that constitute these images,





*Application of Natural Forms to Design for Fabrics.*

covers the vast walls of this edifice with a tracery in an almost perfect semblance of Honiton lace.

Of late years, reacting from a servile imitation of Nature, the

English, and more recently the Americans, have awakened to the importance of studying general combinations of form, if they expect to arrive at anything satisfactory in design; and this endeavor





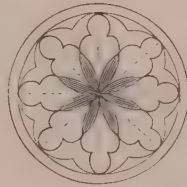
*Application of Natural Forms to Design on Porcelain.*

shows itself in the effort that is making to teach children in all the schools to draw well, and to *think* as well as to draw, so that from such an education there may arise a class of ideas which shall in

the future beautify our manufactures and ennoble our surroundings. Starting from the principle of a formal basis to his pattern, the first step for the designer in black-and-white is to learn and use



such combinations of angular figures as are simple and easily analysed. This class of patterns makes the pleasant tessellated forms on floor-cloths, the arabesques of tilework, and the honey-comb shapes that give grace and beauty to a ceiling or a cornice. To learn such simple and comprehensible figures, some knowledge of angles, vertical and horizontal lines, and proportions, is requisite, and afterwards these pictures are easily made and produce the charming results which are seen in the decoration of Moorish edifices, and which constitute the agreeable features of some structures that stand at the very top of decorative Art. In these really sim-



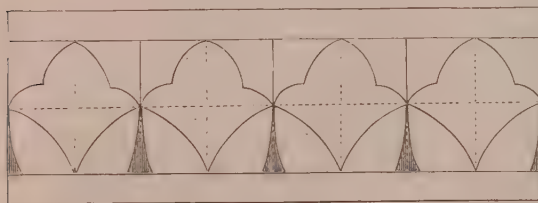
No. 5.

ple though apparently elaborate geometrical ornaments, no natural forms, or suggestions of natural forms, appear, but the grace of a brass screen, the iron filigree of a candlestick, or the tessellated marble pavement of a floor, consists in such lacings and interlacings of straight lines as make the metal resemble a cobweb in delicacy, or the stone tracery simulate the exquisiteness of frost-work. We are all familiar with the loveliness of snow-flakes, and we know the pleasure to be derived from watching the little crosses of the ice-filaments when they mingle and interweave with one another. Nature, in such cases, resorts to only the simplest means, but from them she evolves combinations of almost endless charm, and the mind is never wearied of studying them.

In the example before us we furnish an illustration of a simple geometrical figure, which, if multiplied and varied, can easily be made to produce an agreeable pattern; and it is from such beginnings as this that the experimenter can make his start.

The designs afford examples of a number of patterns, adapted to different purposes, which may be realised from a conventionalised trefoil, arranged with varying bounding-lines. In the first of these shapes (No. 1), that of an equilateral triangle, each side is divided by a dot, and from the centre of the triangle lines are drawn to each angle, and from the dot in the middle of each side to the opposite sides of the figure. The geometrical plan of the design is thus laid out, and the figure is easily filled in, by drawing simple curves from the centre of the form to the dot on each side of it, and, lastly, filling in the form of the trefoil a little below the point of each corner of the triangle.

The square (No. 2), which is the next form, is developed in



No. 6.

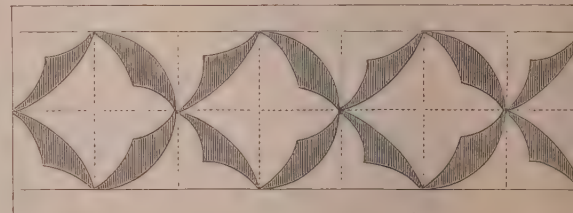
much the same manner. The sides are bisected, and from a point in the centre lines are carried to each angle and to all the dots on the sides. As in the preceding figure, slight curves are made on either of the side-lines, and the trefoil is added to each angle, with the base of the middle leaf touching the transverse working-lines between the sides. It will be seen that the pentagon (No. 3) and the hexagon (No. 4) also are formed in the same general manner, but the proportion of the top of the trefoil varies from its sides.

In drawing the circular rosette (No. 5), the circumference should be constructed on a vertical and an horizontal diameter, with two

other diameters bisecting it at equal angles, which divide it into sections, the half-diameters, upon all of which curved lines at the top of the trefoil are made. A series of arcs may be added to the pleasure of the designer. In the two pieces of moulding (No. 6 and No. 7), the trefoil is inserted vertically to the sides in one and horizontally in the other. In the latter, a half of the trefoil is added upon the sides to enrich the elementary figure; and a double line and the transverse lines which form the square are repeated for the sake of symmetry, and as affording an impression of agreeable repose.

It is from such a basis as this that all these various patterns are derived, and they produce a result which an inexperienced and unaccustomed to analyse designs, could scarcely resolve into its elements.

We come now to a more intricate figure, which involves several conventionalised forms of various parts of the common wild purple and yellow violets. Page 210 shows entire plants drawn from Nature, including their roots, buds, and blossoms, as well as the leaves. We have also on the same page a front view and a back view of a blossom of each, and of two buds, one more rudimentary than the other, and the green leaves also appear with the back and front. Applied design, where the pattern is at all involved, necessitates a botanical analysis where plant-forms are concerned; for the stamens, the calyx, and the pistil, have each a form of their own, which can be so used as to fill up and enrich a pattern whose chief features consist of the flowers and large leaves of the plant. In the figure before us there is a front and a back view of a stamen of the purple violet, in which the calyx is seen in its two positions; and on the right side of the page the parts



No. 7.

the yellow violet also appear. At the bottom of the print we have the conventionalised plants applied for a design of muslin or wallpaper, and it now remains for the reader to resolve the pattern into its component parts.

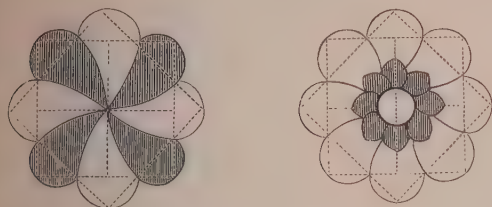
The first thing which strikes one is, that the whole design is constructed on the geometrical basis of squares, the corners of which are filled up in turns by the purple or the yellow blossoms, the white open and the half-open buds of both flowers, with suggestions of the pistil, filling the end of the straight lines against the flower-buds. The border of the pattern shows the green leaves against which are relieved the two flowers, and the stamen enriches the other plain points. Between the heart-shaped leaves, at the outer edge of the border which instinct and custom show us should be closer together, a heavier than the rest of the pattern, so that it may support all the forms which it encloses, are seen conventionalised calyxes in heart-shaped star-shapes, whose sharp points contrast pleasantly with the curved and rounded forms that for the most part compose the figure. The design may not be perceptible, at the first glance of the uninstructed eye, that the forms which make up this figure are different from those of a natural drawing of the objects; but in this case, equally with the preceding design, the conventionalisation of the form consists in making both sides of the leaves, flowers, and the other elements of the plant, exactly alike. So we see, in the outlines of the purple violet, that where in the drawing from Nature the right leaf of the lower portion is lower and more curved than the one on the left side, in the applied design the petals are similar. The last thing which it is desirable to consider is the curve and action of the stems of the flower, and in the picture before us the interlacing lines at the corners of the squares by the flower-buds suggests a natural twist of the stalks of the violet.

The sheet of drawings of the pansy affords an example of the same sort of analysis of a natural plant into its parts; and the



cular pattern at the foot of the page gives one of the many adapted figures to which it may be applied.

If harmony of form is the first object to be considered in design, the colouring into which these forms are combined is only second to it in importance. We have said that certain dispositions of lines apparently strengthen an arch or lengthen a column; and colour in its turn develops the force of a figure. While a yellow warm hue makes more prominent the tracery on a ceiling or a



No. 8.—Varieties of Rosettes constructed on Similar Plans.

capital, cool blue causes the parts to retire. To understand the theory of colour is of great importance to the practical designer, and, though instinct teaches a great deal, and a want of sense of colour can never be supplied, certain general principles are of accepted value, and their right application surely gives excellence and effect to any pattern in which they are employed. For the effectiveness of a design, colour develops the different parts of a form, and, especially at a distance, separates one portion from the rest. It also assists the light and shade, and rightly distributed it gives the undulation of shading. Every painter is aware of the importance of balancing a sharp point of colour by a series of different greys or demi-tints, and the secret of repetition of tints through various portions of pictures is well understood. These principles, which apply so well to high Art, are equally true when used for decoration; and the same colours which make a landscape composition delightful give interest to a wall-pattern or a tessellated ceiling or floor.

Very few persons understand the fact that a small bit of one of the primary colours, red, blue, or yellow, is sufficient to balance a large surface of the secondary shades, of green, purple, or orange, and that a still larger surface must be covered with the tertiary tints, of olive (composed of green and purple), or russet (of orange and purple), or citrine (which is the compound of orange and green), to support and give effectiveness to small points of the pure colours. On the same principle, if a light and bright tint is contrasted with another of a lower tone, the amount of surface covered by the latter colour must be proportionately increased. Many flat designs are so contrived as to give the appearance of forming raised or retiring surfaces, and in such cases as these the experimenter should remember that yellow or the yellowish tints make a form apparently project, that red is best on the undersides, and that blue is proper for the concave or retiring surfaces. The result of all these different admixtures is, to give as far as possible a tender bloom to any design, when it is viewed from a distance, and when the details are so indistinct that they all mingle and mellow into an indefinite mass.

The principle should be borne in mind that no composition can be complete when either of the primary colours is wanting, either in its crude state or commingled with other tones. It is well known that, when two tones of the same colour are used side by side, the darker one will appear darker, and the lighter one lighter, than if seen apart; and if a red, blue, or yellow, be placed by a grey, the grey will take the complementary colour to the primary which is used. If a red pattern be painted on a grey ground, the grey will appear greenish, green being the complementary, as it is composed of blue and yellow. In the same manner a blue figure traced on grey will appear orange, and red and yellow commingled. Colours on white grounds look darker, and on black grounds lighter, than when seen apart. When coloured ornaments are on a ground of contrasting colour, they should be separated from it by a lighter line of colour. A yellow flower on a purple ground will be more effective if it be edged with a line of lighter yellow; and ornaments of any colour may be separated from their backgrounds by a lining

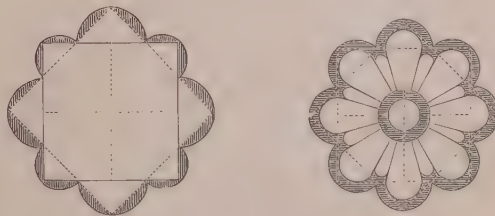
of white, gold, or black. If a colour of one degree of brightness be used on a dark ground of the same colour, it need not be outlined to be effective; but, if the figure is darker than the ground-work, it needs the relief of a still deeper coloured margin.

It would seem natural that, the further civilisation advances, the more true will be the artistic instinct for decoration. Experience shows that the converse of this is the case universally; and while in the early stages of nations decorators put down in their ornaments simple facts as they see them, and form in flat masses of primary colours their flowers, leaves, and other objects, the nations of Asia and of Africa, as their ideas have developed, have substituted magentas and dull solferinos for their beautiful and vivid vermilions and blues, and the rich and warm Algerine rugs and blankets are so dimmed with ugly secondary and tertiary shades that we may almost fear that the glory of the Orient is passing away with this generation, and that its pure and artistic instincts are to give place to the dull results of the false reasoning of ignorant Europeans, who are corrupting the sense of Egypt and of India by their importations into those countries of ugly calicoes or still uglier woollens. When the artistic instinct has been purest, the use of the primary colours in flat masses has been universal, but in the decadence of Art everywhere the secondary shades have crept into decorative work.

If the designer has come somewhat to comprehend from our analysis the few underlying facts of geometrical form, and the general use of colour which makes conventionalised design pleasant in hue as well as graceful in outline, the few hints that will close this analysis of design will not be without their value.

In regard to the classes of objects which need ornament, it should be always borne in mind that we like to adorn that for which we care most. To lavish on a beloved being all the pleasant and pretty things in our power, is the first impulse of the heart; and a similar instinct leads human beings, from the wild savage who decorates his arrow-heads or his canoes to the child of the highest civilisation who fancies costly books or the finest embroidery, to make those things the most beautiful to which they are most attached. The character of ornament depends upon the genius of a nation, and is always impressed with its leading ideas; and race and religion influence design largely. As an instance of this, the Egyptians were a severe people, and their ornament is characterised by straight lines and rigid and regular forms. The Greeks worshipped beauty, and their ornament has come down to us as the most graceful of any time in history. The Roman architectural designs had a barbaric richness, which partook of their own vigorous but luxury-loving character; while the French decoration of the eighteenth century is as graceful, as showy, and as meretricious as the court of Louis XIV., which saw it in its flower. It is difficult to know when a style is being formed. We can look into the past and separate the various styles clearly, but there have been times when such a lukewarmness and lack of interest has pervaded Art, that vague tradition or imitation alone has usurped the place of a live growth of native ornament.

Formerly, the great artists realised the importance of decoration,



No. 9.—Varieties of Rosettes constructed on Similar Plans.

and recognised that the same general principles which were required to model a beautiful statue, or to colour a fine painting, entered into the composition of a lovely salt-cellar, or would be charming in the wall-decoration of a room. Hence we see the works of Cellini ranging from his 'Perseus,' one of the most striking pieces of Art in existence, to a chased candlestick. Michael Angelo's settings of arabesque-work which frame the grand frescoes in the Sistine Chapel are only subordinate in excellence to the Prophets



and Sibyls they enclose; while the critical visitor often may doubt whether he prefers the ornamental works of Raphael, in the *loggia* of the Vatican, or his paintings upon the walls, so full of grace, of beauty, and complete elegance, are the former.

The student of design will succeed best by making himself familiar not only with the general character of natural objects, but also with the accidental conditions which frequently befall certain of the vegetable forms. As a case in point, lovers of Nature may have often remarked how some of the grasses die at their base, while their tops shoot up new green blades, leaving a mass of drooping dead and withered leaves clinging to the ground. This is especially observable in the marsh-grass of salt meadows, whose clean-cut forms make them especially suitable for decorative purposes. If the experimenter should make use only of the live parts, he would lose half his opportunities of beautiful and picturesque effect, which he might improve by introducing the proper contrast of the fresh and the shrivelled blades. The same is true of pine-branches with their fresh whorls above and the brown, crushed needles underneath. In Nature also certain features of plants are much more sparingly used than others; and the same reason which makes roses scattered among green leaves more charming than when a branch is thick-set with flowers should lead the designer to proportion his conventionalised pattern with more leaves than blossoms. Such peculiarities as the greater size of the trunk than the branches of a tree should always be noted in good design; and the setting of leaves opposite each other in their stems, in whorls, or in alternate places, should be strictly regarded.

Repetition in conventionalised designs has quite a contrary effect upon the mind and eye from the too frequent duplicating of natural objects. We have spoken above of the necessity of graceful curves in arabesque, and have dwelt upon their importance in the underlying plan of designs from natural objects. It is this arabesque which the mind appreciates, though it may be unconscious of the source of its satisfaction; and where the curves and the geometrical forms are pleasing it scarcely matters what details form the picture, whether a rose and a rose-leaf repeat themselves con-

tinually, or if the more ambitious designer has mingled with them all the flowers of the garden.

Ornament should be adapted to the use to which it is applied, and we ought not to use fountains of flowers spouting water, nor vistas of flowers, seen in aerial perspective, apparently retreating under our feet in carpets or floor-cloths. The latter vicious kind of pattern is one of the most common in the Brussels carpets made ten or fifteen years ago. Flat-tinted flowers on a solid background of moss may be agreeable on the floor over which we tread; but the absurdity of walking over vines that come forward or retreat from our steps cannot be sufficiently deprecated.

The light and shade on designs should be very simple, and flat colours and flat massing are much more suitable to a wall-pattern or a dress, or a floor-cloth, than figures seen in perspective. The French decoration of the last century and the German of the present day are very deficient in this point of excellence. Floating figures in the air, festoons of vines and flowers greying into black distance, and an endless variety of advancing and retreating figures in positive light and shadow, destroy all idea of repose or fitness in the side-walls of rooms, and in carvings of wood, and even in the small ornamental decoration of china or of jewellery.

The ornament which covers a surface should fill rather more than half its space, and the plain portions ought themselves to be beautified enough to relieve them from any suspicion of baldness or paucity.

Such are a few of the thoughts which should influence the experimenter in design, and which, followed out intelligently through the aid of study of natural objects and books, have led to the marked improvement in England in all decoration. We have not begun to realise, more positively than ever before, that it is not imitation of natural objects, nor even of the Art of the past, which should legitimately beautify our own times, but that an understanding of the principles which guided the designers of former generations will of necessity lead to good designing among our own people.

S. N. C.

## MOORISH, PERSIAN, AND RHODIAN GLAZED POTTERY.

By CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOTT.

BEFORE giving some particulars of the interesting examples of pottery which have come to us from the Arabs and the

Moors of Spain, it may be well to devote a few moments to the people themselves.



Fig. 1.—From the Alhambra.

I have thought it well to group under one head a number of their productions, because they are peculiar, and because they seem to have

sprung from one centre, or to have grown up under a corresponding sense of the beautiful, so different from that of other peoples.



Beginning with the pottery of the Spanish Moors, now called *Hispano-Moresque*, and which is the latest, we run backward to the *Rhodian*, the *Arabic*, the *Damascene*, and the *Persian*. From what examples I have been able to see of these, they certainly



Fig. 2.—The Vase of the Alhambra.

show a strong family likeness in their colours, their designs, and their clays.

It is hardly to be supposed that this grew out of their religion, or that the fervid soul of Mohammed fired the souls of his followers with that striking and low-toned, and intense and subtle harmony of blues, greens, and browns, which is so often seen on their tiles and dishes. It is more likely that, beginning somewhere, the Arabian potters carried with them wherever they went their colours and their secrets, and that what was desired in Persia, or Damascus, or Cairo, must be desired wherever the "followers of the faithful" were found; and thus they went to work to produce these various fictile wares which are now so much sought for.

One of the most curious, most interesting, and most picturesque episodes in modern history is that of the Moors in Spain.

From the year 712 to the time of the discovery of America, in 1492, these Moslems held possession of the finest parts of Spain, including the cities of Cordova, Granada, and Seville. Of these, Cordova and Seville are older than the Romans. In the first century they were fought over by Caesar and Pompey, but were not

destroyed. The shores of Spain were visited by the ships of Tyre, and afterwards by the Greeks; but these came as traders, rather than as conquerors. The old inhabitants, the Iberians, were brave and determined; but they could not organise, could not resist the invading arms of Rome, which swept over the world under the leadership of some one able and daring leader. Then came in the Vandals and the Goths. They swarmed down upon Italy and into Spain, where they became strong and great. As we read history, we see almost nothing but one long, fierce, destructive fight, and we wonder that there could have been any Art, any learning, any kindness, in the world; for every man's hand was against every man, and the chief vocation of great men was to rob and enslave other men. So it has been, so it is now; the forms change, the fact remains. We have our feudal barons to-day. But how came the Moors—the Arabs, rather—in Spain? Briefly this may be answered:

The amazing, almost miraculous power with which Mohammed the Promised had inspired the Arabian race led them forth to conquer and convert. They went east and they went west, until they stretched along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea and reached the Pillars of Hercules.

Could the narrow strait stop their way? They passed over it like dry land, and spread their victorious bands over the southern part of the peninsula, and possessed themselves of the lovely lands of Andalusia, Estremadura, Castile, and even penetrated to the cold and savage mountains of Navarre.

What were these Moors? Were they savage beasts, cruel robbers?

They appear to have brought into Spain not only Art, but the arts, science, learning, literature. Under the strong and able rule of Abderrahman III. (912 to 961) agriculture, science, trade, and decent living, thrived as they never yet had done in Spain. During the five or six centuries in which the Moors held the land it is easy to believe that Spain enjoyed a greater measure of worldly prosperity than before or since. In this time Cordova, the seat of the caliphate, grew to have a population of 1,000,000 souls; it had 300 mosques and 900 baths. Its greatest mosque, begun in 786, shone with 4,000 silver lamps, and its dome was raised aloft on 1,200 slender pillars.

The city of Granada was built, and upon the sides of its moun-



Fig. 3.—Hispano-Moresque Plate.

tain sprang into being the fairy fortress and palace of the Alhambra. Its halls, its courts, its galleries, its arabesques, its fretwork, its fountains, even in their ruin, tell us of the power of this singular people.



In Seville, too, the Alcazar and the Giralda even now bear beautiful witness to their art, their skill, their industry.

There seems little question now that the Moorish potters brought with them into Spain the arts which the Persian or Arabian potters

knew, not only for the preparing the clays, but that they also had the secret for making the *stanniferous enamel*, or glaze, in which the use of tin enters. They also applied to the decoration of the wares certain *lustres*, which Demmin says were produced by the



Fig. 4.—Persian and Rhodian Pottery.

fumes of bismuth, of antimony, or of arsenic. It is not probable that gold entered into these lustres.

Just when the Moors went to work to make their tiles and their lusted dishes we do not know. But, as ornamental tiles, "*azulejos*," were used to decorate their walls; they were also used as pavements, and the floors of the Alhambra were glittering with them, some few of which still remain there.

Mr. Ford's description of them, thus quoted by Marryat, says: "Moorish very fine, and most ancient; surface plain, painted, and enamelled blue; the elaborate designs in gold lustre. The inscription on the shield is the well-known motto of the Mussulman founders of the Palace of Granada: 'There is no conqueror but God.' The date of its manufacture may be placed about 1300."

This is one of the tiles of the Alhambra; and in Fig. 1 we give a representation of the design, which cannot, of course, express the colour. No one can fail to see how far away it is from the commonplace, and the ordinary geometric patterns into which the dull man invariably falls; no one can fail to be struck with the simple

intricacy which interests, we cannot tell why.—Another remarkable piece of their work is *The Vase of the Alhambra* (Fig. 2), one of the most beautiful and most interesting vases anywhere known. This is sometimes called 'La Jarra,' and is figured

Owen Jones's "Alhambra," where will be found much more that is worthy attention. This is supposed to have been made about 1320. I take the description from Marryat's work: "It is of earthenware; the ground white, the ornaments either blue of two shades, or of the gold or copper lustre so often found in Spanish and Italian pottery. This beautiful specimen of Moorish workmanship, which is four feet three inches in height, was discovered with another similar to it, beneath the pavement of the Alhambra, and is said to have been filled with gold. It was copied in 1842, at the manufactory of Sèvres, from drawings made in Spain by Dautzats." It has since been copied by Deck, of Paris.



Fig. 5.—Persian Plaque.

Malaga was probably the place where the best of the Moorish work was made, and there the manufacture continued for centuries. At Valencia *faïences* were afterwards largely produced, and they are still.

The examples of Moorish dishes remaining are marked by



peculiar *lustre*, which I have mentioned, which is either a lighter or a darker yellow, or sometimes a deeper coppery colour.

A very fine example of this golden lusted ware is in the collection of Mr. Wales, of Boston, through whose kindness I am enabled to present the accompanying illustration (Fig. 3). It is now, I think, hung in the loan collection of the Museum of Arts at Boston, with many other of his valuable and interesting pieces.

That any pieces of this work should yet be in existence may excite our surprise.

The struggle between the Christians and the Moslems for the possession of the government and the religion of Spain went on through the centuries. Yet through all these troubled centuries these Moors found time to build great cities, and to create those beautiful examples of their peculiar architecture which even in ruin have been so satisfactory. They also did more to encourage learning and the arts than any nation of Europe; so that their schools and their scholars became renowned the world over, and were flocked to by Christian students.

In due time internal dissensions weakened them; then they went to ruin, and at last were driven out of Spain by the combined Christians. Then it was that the bitterness of war was intensified with the hatreds of religion; and then it was that a war of destruction was waged, not only against the persons of the "vile Moslems," but against all their works; so that nothing should remain to tell the story of their hated supremacy and their hated religion. Then it was that the Moorish potters of Malaga and Valencia were slaughtered or expelled, and then, too, their handiwork went with them into wholesale destruction.

In this wreck and ruin, it is singular that the mosques, those finest monuments of the arts and the industry of the Moors, were spared.

These remain, and a few examples of their pottery, of which we have striven to give some idea, though faint.

One thing seems to be admitted on all hands, viz., that to the Moors of Spain Europe owes either the invention or the introduction of siliceous or glass-glazed wares, and that from that date begin all improvements in fictile work; that directly from it came the potteries of the Balearic Islands, and that from Majorca came not only the names into Italy, but in all probability the potters or their secrets, which resulted in the production, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, of the wares now so famous under the name of *Majolica*.

**RHODIAN POTTERY.**—Pursuing this subject eastward, we find traces of a lusted pottery on the island of *Sicily*, believed to be the work of Arabic potters.

Still farther eastward, upon the island of Rhodes, have been found many plates and dishes, now classed as *Rhodian*, sometimes as *Persian*, and sometimes as *Damascus* ware. The styles of this work, their colours and their designs, seem to throw them together, and it is difficult to separate them in any consistent way.

The first I saw of these were hung on the walls of the house of Mr. Frederick Leighton, the distinguished artist of London. While following his art on the island of Rhodes, he had heard that some pottery of this sort was now and then to be found on the island; the pieces he saw were very bold and striking, and tradition there said that they were the work of Persian potters, who, as prisoners, had centuries before been placed on the island. Finding clay to their hands, they went to work at their trade, and, with little doubt, through a long time they worked on, and handed down their trade to their children.

Whatever was the truth of the tradition, a search among the poor people of the island unearthed many pieces of the ware, which Mr. Leighton brought with him to London. This was repeated on a second visit, until now this private collection is probably one of the best in England.

Upon his second return, Mr. Leighton told me he found in London, for sale, plates and dishes of the same character and colouring, which were said to have been brought around from Persia; so that, whatever may have been the origin of this ware, whether Rhodes, Persia, or Damascus, the product was almost the same.

Mr. Fortnum, in his "Hand-Book upon *Majolica*," says:

"The paste varies in quality more than in kind, being of a grey-white colour and sandy consistence, analogous to that of the Persian wares. The decoration is more generally rich in colour, the ground white, blue, turquoise, tobacco-colour, and lilac, sometimes

covered with scale-work, with panels of Oriental form or leafage, large sprays of flowers, particularly roses, tulips, hyacinths, carnations, &c., the colours used being a rich blue, turquoise, green, purple, yellow, red, black. The forms are elegant: large bowls on raised feet; flasks or bottles bulb-shaped with elongated necks; pear-shaped jugs with cylindrical necks and loop-handle; circular dishes or plates with deep centres, &c. An interesting example of the highest quality of this ware is in the writer's possession, and is described and figured in colour in vol. xlii. of the 'Archæologia.' It is a hanging-lamp made for and obtained from the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, signed and dated June, 1549.

"Two leading varieties are known in collections: namely, *Damascus proper*, known by its evenness of surface and rich glaze with subdued and harmonious colouring, certain tones of which are peculiar to this variety; for example, a dull lilac or purple, replacing the embossed red so conspicuous on the Rhodian, and used against blue, which is of two or three shades, the turquoise being frequently placed against the darker tone; a sage-green is also characteristic. The dishes of this variety usually have the outer edge shaped in alternating ogee.

"This kind is much more uncommon than the other, RHODIAN or LINDUS, to which the greater number of pieces known in collections as 'Persian ware' belong. It is to Mr. Salzmann that we owe the discovery of the remains of ancient furnaces at Lindus, in the island of Rhodes, from the old palaces of which he collected numerous examples. This variety, although extremely beautiful, is generally coarser than the former, and the decoration more marked and brilliant. A bright-red pigment, so thickly laid on as to stand out in relief upon the surface of the piece, is very characteristic and in many cases is a colour of great beauty; the predominant decoration of the plates consists of two or three sprays of roses, pinks, hyacinths, and tulips, and leaves, sometimes tied together at the stem and spreading over the entire surface of the piece in graceful lines; the border frequently of black and blue scroll-work. Ships, birds, and animals, are also depicted; and a shield-of-arms occurs on some pieces."

A few of these striking Rhodian plates are to be seen in America; and I here engrave one (Fig. 4) from Mr. W. C. Prime's collection, which is an excellent example. It shows a group of flowers starting from a point, the central stalk being that of a purple hyacinth. This method of grouping was a favourite one with these painters. These plates vary in price in Europe from fifteen to seventy-five dollars each.

Of the DAMASCUS pottery little can be said, because little is known. From time to time plates and dishes are purchased there and brought to us, which possess the general character already described as Rhodian, but are thought to have a delicacy and fineness not found in that pottery. A very handsome example is in Mr. Wales's collection, which bears a little gilding, and which, perhaps, may be classed as of Damascus.

Of PERSIAN and ARABIC pottery it is impossible, in the vagueness existing with respect to it, to do more than make a few suggestions.

We cannot do better than to read what Mr. Fortnum has gathered with regard to this ware:

"We do not derive any information from M. de Rochchouart on the subject of the lusted wares, except in his description of the tiles of the Mosque of Natinz of the twelfth century; nor do we learn anything of that variety of creamy-white pottery having the sides pierced through the paste, but filled with the translucent glaze, and which is believed to be the Gombrön ware of Horace Walpole's day. But he gives interesting information on the subject of the tiles used for decoration, of which the finest are those mentioned above; those of Ispahan and of the period of Shah Abbas being also admirable for their exquisite design.

"The Persian glazed pottery known to us may be divided into:

"A. Wares generally highly baked, and sometimes semi-translucent. Paste, fine and rather thin, decorated with ruby, brown, and coppery lustre, on dark-blue and creamy-white ground.

"B. Wares of fine paste, highly baked, semi-translucent, of creamy colour and rich, clear glaze, running into tears beneath the piece of a pale sea-green tint. Its characteristic decoration consisting of holes pierced through the paste, and filled in with the transparent glaze: the raised centres, &c., are bordered with a



chocolate brown or blue leafage, slightly used. This is supposed to be the Gombrön ware.

"C. Wares frequently of fine paste, and highly baked to semi-transparency: the ground white; decoration of plants and animals, sometimes after the Chinese, in bright cobalt blue, the outlines frequently drawn in manganese; some pieces with reliefs and imitation Chinese marks also occur; this variety is perhaps more recent than the others."

This description may apply rather to a sort of semi or imperfect *porcelain* of Persian manufacture, as to the reality of which there has been and is much doubt, rather than to the peculiar class of *faïence* of which we have been writing.

As to the *porcelain* or hard *faïence* of Persia, here and there are to be met with singular examples, which, because of a peculiar style of painting, combined with a certain coarseness or imperfectness of paste, have usually been relegated to the less dexterous potters of Persia. That pottery has been made in Persia, far back in the dimness of the Dark Ages, there seems to be no doubt; just what it was remains a doubt, because even then a sort of commerce, probably by sea and land, existed with China, and thence came porcelains of various qualities and many designs. We are apt to believe that, until our day, there were few "cakes and ale"—little art, or only coarse fabrics; whereas fine and admirable work of many sorts, and especially in porcelain and pottery, had reached perfection before our European or Western civilisation began. Out of China came porcelain to Persia; out of Persia and Phœnicia came pottery to us.

Of the Persian porcelain, or hard pottery, a single example is to be seen in Mr. Avery's collection, now in the Museum of Art at New York. It was bought at the Vienna Exhibition from Prince Ehtezades-Saltenet, uncle to the Shah of Persia, and we may suppose it, therefore, to have about it the true flavour of genuineness. It is a bowl of rather coarse ware, approaching to the hardness, if not the translucency, of porcelain; it is painted with blue of a common colour, and with a not very interesting design; and is valuable as an example of the probable work of Persian potters.

But there exist many pieces of pottery besides these, which have usually been called Persian because of their peculiarities of design and of colouring. Some of these approach closely to the work already designated as Rhodian or Damascene. In the upper plate

from Mr. Prime's collection is shown one of these, which the owner is inclined to believe may be Persian and not Rhodian. So also the painted *faïence* egg, obtained by him from a lamp in a mosque of the Holy Land. The face and the colouring do certainly impress one with a Persian faith, though it may not be easy to explain the reason why.

In my possession is a sweetmeat-pot covered with an "engobe" or "slip," upon which are boldly painted in colours flowers and leaves; these last are peculiar in shape, and are by some believed to be Persian work—I doubt it, but it is possible.

We have a few words to say of the Persian or Arabic *TILES*. These have been found inlaid upon the walls of mosques and palaces and tombs in Damascus, in Cairo, in Ispahan. As far back as the palmy days of Babylon and Assyria, these enamelled or glazed bricks or tiles were used to decorate the walls of their buildings; and that is about all we know. These bricks remain; for, of all the works of man, the brick is seemingly imperishable.

It is also certain that upon some of these bricks or tiles is found a glaze or enamel made with the use of tin; so that what is now called *stanniferous* enamel was known at that early day, and long before it was used in Italy by Luca della Robbia, who at one time was supposed to have invented it for his own use.

The example here given (Fig. 5) is a very beautiful plaque, made up of many pieces, and is remarkable for the splendour of its colour, rather than for any perfectness of design. It is interesting, however, as showing the dresses of the cavaliers of the Persian court.

In the walls of Damascus, of Jerusalem, and of Cairo, these tiles were imbedded for ornamental and decorative purposes, and from them they have been gathered by those good people called "collectors." In Fig. 4 is an engraving of one in Mr. Prime's collection, which gives simply the lines, but wholly fails to give the magic and mystery of colour which endue it with beauty. This cannot be described, nor can it be pictured; the combinations of blues are too subtle for the palette of the painter; they have been sublimated in the fiery heats of the furnace.

A few of these tiles are in the possession of Mr. Prime and of Mr. Wales; and a very fine collection is now in the house of Mr. Leighton, of London, of which I have spoken. He has had them imbedded in the walls of his halls, which they tinge with their peculiar and pensive light.

## OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

HESTER PRYNNE AND PEARL.

(Frontispiece.)

GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, N.A., Pinxt.

WILLIAM E. MARSHALL, Sculp.



THE subject of Mr. Boughton's picture of 'Hester Prynne and Pearl,' representing them on their way to Governor Bellingham's, which belongs to the collection of R. M. Olyphant, Esq., of New York, is drawn from Hawthorne's well-known story of "The Scarlet Letter," and as a composition it shows taste, thought, and study.

The unfortunate heroine Hester is represented passing along the village-street accompanied by her child and shunned by the people. The old woman at the cottage-gate hobbles into the dooryard pushing her maiden daughter before her, as if fearful of contamination from contact with the gentle-faced Hester; the carpenter stops his work as his eyes follow her retreating form; and even the little children pause in their play to look at the outcast. Little Pearl, the child who clings to Hester's arm, looks around appealingly as if wondering why they are shunned by the villagers. There is an expression of dramatic power in this picture which has been rarely equalled in Art. during recent years. The interest is concentrated in the unfortunate Hester and her child, and all the other figures and objects are subordinate to this group. She bears the sign of her sin upon her breast, but the face is not brazen, nor scowling, notwithstanding the cruel glances which

greet her presence and embitter her life. She is quiet and resigned in her humiliation and bears her cross with patience. This picture was painted, we believe, shortly after Mr. Boughton went to live in London, and in the graceful figure of Hester, and in the sense of motion in her stately walk, we see the same ideal which he has so often introduced in his later pictures; but it is no less interesting from this repetition, as it is always inflamed by some new and loveable motive. The sentiment of Boughton's canvases is always elevated, and there is a pathos about them, as illustrated in this story of 'Hester Prynne,' as well as a quaintness, which appeals at once to the heart. Mr. Boughton went to Europe in 1858, and, after studying in Paris under the influence of Edouard Frère for a time, settled permanently in London in 1861.

### THE FIRST HOPE.

C. F. JALABERT, Painter.

G. BERTINOT, Engraver.

THE works of the old painters, their Madonnas, Holy Families, and somewhat kindred subjects, occasionally find imitators among modern Continental artists. It requires no great stretch of imagination to believe that M. Jalabert (a popular French artist and a pupil of Paul Delaroche) had been studying some old representation of the Virgin and Child, or at least had it in his thoughts, when he applied himself to the composition of 'The First Hope.' This picture, seen among a number of works of the old masters



on similar subjects, would not strike one as being out of place but for the mere accessories and the costume of the mother. She has been watching her infant—a fine chubby fellow, by-the-way—asleep in its cradle; he has just awoke, and his mother, laying aside the needlework on which she was engaged, lifts her darling out of its warm nest to caress him. Her countenance, seen in profile, is remarkably sweet in expression; and quite as suggestive of holiness and purity as those of half the Madonnas we have seen on canvas from the pencils of the old Italian masters: it is thoughtful and pensive too, as well as sweet, and thus also the figure would well personate the Holy Mother. There is fine modelling in the well-rounded limbs of the boy, who strikingly reminds one of the representations of the Infant Jesus by Raffaello, Guido, and other artists of about their time.

## THE CARD-PLAYERS.

J. L. MEISSONIER, Painter.

L. J. RAJAN, Engraver.

It is said of Nature, remarks a French writer, "Maxime miranda in minimis," and it is a truism which may especially be applied to the works of M. Meissonier; for whatever space he covers in any picture-gallery the place so occupied is large with respect to the Art that fills it. It is impossible to examine any one of his microscopic compositions without acknowledging the truth of what the painter's countryman says of him. For more than forty years (his earliest pictures in the style which has given him the very high reputation which he now has were exhibited so far back as 1836,

when he was about twenty-five years old), almost every year has added to the store of pictorial wealth from his pencil which has been scattered through the chief picture-galleries of Europe and America.

On two recent occasions we have introduced into our pages engravings from Meissonier's single figures. A more important subject, inasmuch as it contains a number of figures, is now introduced. The *dramatis personæ* are a group of soldiers, who, by their picturesque costume, might serve to represent the civic guard of the seventeenth century; they are evidently not the ordinary troops of any government, neither is it a common guardhouse in which they have assembled to play; there is too much richness of architecture and too much suggestive of wealth in the furniture, &c. (though it is not quite clear what one is to understand by the rather indefinite background on the left), to allow us to suppose that these military gamblers are in their usual quarters; they seem rather to have taken possession of some old château, and are making themselves perfectly at home in it; one of the men has flung himself on a bench, in the background to the right, and is apparently sleeping soundly.

How favourably in such a subject as this does the French artist appear when contrasted with some of the old Dutch painters, as Teniers, Ostade, and others, who have treated similar scenes! What a refinement is there in the former; what coarseness, if not vulgarity, in the works of the latter! We do not say it is always so, but where it is otherwise it must be noted as an exception, and not the rule.

## THE PARIS SALON OF 1877.

## I.

**I**T is impossible to deny the fact that the *Salon* of this year is, in many respects, a disappointing exhibition. Our expectations probably were raised too high. Too much was said beforehand respecting the coming display. We were promised a series of works of remarkable merit, prepared for the Universal Exhibition of next spring. But

the project of such a preliminary exposition seems to have been abandoned, and certain exceptional works which were widely talked of and even described beforehand do not appear in the catalogue. Such, for instance, is the group of statuary by Gérôme.

Notwithstanding the fact that the jury of admission has displayed an unusual severity, the number of works exhibited this year is greater than ever before, comprising 4,616 pieces, of which 2,192 are paintings in oil. Many of the celebrated masters of the day are represented, some by large and important works; yet the impression, on the whole, is one of mediocrity. This effect probably is due to the fact that but little new talent has been manifested in contrast with last year, when many works of great promise by young artists were shown, and notably the splendid 'Nero and Locusta' of M. Sylvestre, which caused that young painter to be enthusiastically hailed as winner of the *Prix du Salon* before the doors of the Palais d'Industrie were thrown open to the general public.

Among the prominent artists of the day who have contributed to the present *Salon*, M. Bouguereau probably shows to the best advantage, the two fine paintings signed with his name being replete with the best and most characteristic qualities of his exquisitely refined and poetic talent. His 'Vierge Consolatrice' unfolds for us a third phase in that Divine motherhood, of which he showed us the two earlier ones in the *Salons* of 1875-'76. In the first the sentiment was that of crowned maternity, calm and reposeful in blissful content; in the 'Pieta' of last year we beheld the anguish of maternal bereavement; in the present work we are brought face to face with the angel of consolation and resignation. Like the Virgin of 1875, the Holy Mother is seated in an antique chair of Byzantine workmanship. Behind her head, encircled with its mystic halo, glows a rich gold-grounded mosaic, while the front of the

chair is in white marble, sculptured with sprays of lilies. At the Virgin's feet, with roses scattered round his tiny form, lies the corpse of a baby-boy, while across her knees, in an attitude of despairing supplication, the bereaved mother has fallen, her locked and outstretched arms eloquent of an anguish too deep for words. The Virgin lifts her hands to heaven, while her sad, sweet face is turned towards the spectator with a depth of tenderness and sympathy amid its calmness that impresses the gazer like a visible prayer. Her countenance, with its dusk-enshadowed eyes, is that of one that has learned perfect resignation through extreme of woe, and her expression seems to say, "Lo! I can console, for I, too, have suffered." She wears the traditional blue and crimson draperies, but the hues are so dark as to approach to black, and only the contact with the mourning robe of the bereaved mother shows that her mantle is of the duskiest blue, and not itself actually black. Nothing can be imagined more exquisite in execution than are all the details of this fine work, the upraised hands of the Virgin and the form of the dead infant in particular being most marvelously painted. M. Bouguereau's other contribution this year is entitled 'Youth and Love.' It represents a nude and graceful nymph, bearing Cupid upon her shoulders. The delicate outlines of her slender form, revealed against a floating fold of azure drapery, betray her extreme youth. With a gesture full of grace and charm the little god draws back her head to kiss her, his golden baby-head contrasting with her girlish features and dark, loosened tresses. A woodland scene forms the background for this lovely group, delicate, pure, and poetic as a spring flower. The execution of this work, as an artist remarked to me while gazing at it, is "despairingly perfect."

The 'Portrait of M. Alexandre Dumas,' by M. Meissonier, is one of the sensation-pictures of the year. Several seasons have passed since the king of French Art has sent anything to the *Salon*, but, now that he has decided to exhibit at last, we do not think that his choice of a representative work has been a happy one. This portrait of the famous dramatist, though displaying many of his great qualities, does not display them at their best. The correctness is alloyed with coldness, there is a lack of strength, of individuality, about this personage; it is the Dumas of a photograph, not the



Dumas of the Comédie Française and the Academy. Of small size, though a full-length portrait, the picture shows us the great dramatist seated at a writing-table loaded with books and papers. He fronts the spectator in an easy and careless attitude, with one knee crossed over the other. The prevailing tones are sombre, the accessories and background being of a warm shade of brown. The head and hands are finely painted, but not in Meissonier's best style; of that, we who have so recently admired 'Le Portrait du Sergent' in the Oppenheim Gallery are fully aware. This picture, from its author and its subject, ought to hold a place in French Art side by side with the 'Portrait of M. Beston,' by Ingres, a position which it assuredly has failed to achieve.

M. Cabanel is less happy than usual in the personages of his great historical picture of this year, the 'Tarquin and Lucretia,' which is cold in colouring and inappropriate in characterisation, though masterly, as ever, in drawing and accuracy of detail. The Roman matron is seated at her loom, holding a long, many-coloured thread loosely between her fingers, while Tarquin leans over the back of her chair and pours his unwelcome suit into her unwilling ear. The lady does not in the least realise one's ideal of the virtuous Lucretia. Handsome it is true, but of a sensual type of beauty, low-browed and red-locked, she listens coldly but without indignation. Evidently this wooer displeases her, but she does not look as though all wooers would be so disdainfully received. Tarquin himself is a truculent-looking, beetle-browed personage, whose appearance fully justifies the lady's scorn. Nor is his pleading so impassioned as to arouse any suspicion as to the *dénouement* of the tale. He is as little an ardent lover as the lady is a chaste and high-minded Roman matron. The other contribution of M. Cabanel, a 'Portrait of Madame Mir' (the daughter of M. Pereire), is superbly painted. The lustrous white satin and dusky sable fur of the lady's dress are wonderfully rendered, and the combination of colour with the deep purple-red of the background is truly admirable.

One of the finest portraits in the exhibition, if not actually the finest, is undoubtedly that of M. Thiers, by M. Bonnat. In presence of its vigorous and noble simplicity, and the breadth and power of its execution, the shimmering silks and gold-glistening background of more showy and sensational efforts in that line seem like mere charlatanism. The picture is of life-size and three-quarters length. The veteran statesman stands before us, the light falling from above, and gleaming on his silver hair, his form in a close, dark coat, relieved against a background a shade or two less dusky in hue. That is all, but what an "all" it is! how marvelously the individuality of the wonderful old man is brought before us; how nobly and with what a free and vigorous pencil the head and hands are painted; how admirably the effect of descending light is given! The picture is a great one—the greatest that M. Bonnat has exhibited since he gave to the world his 'Christ' at the *Salon* of 1874.

Gustave Doré is represented this year by four notable works—two paintings, an etching, and a group of sculpture. Less ambitious in size and in conception than was his 'Entry of Christ into Jerusalem,' his 'Christ condemned' displays fewer of his defects, but at the same time fewer of his great qualities, than did that singularly unequal but striking work. The foreground of the picture represents a narrow street, crowded with the rabble of Jerusalem, while the Roman guards are engaged in clearing the way to permit the prisoner to pass to his doom. Christ and his followers show far in the distance, the cross resting on our Saviour's shoulders. The judgment-hall towers behind, a mass of architecture, weird and solemn, such as Doré knows so well how to create. In the foreground all is shadow, while a broad ray of light in the background strikes across the patient, white-robed figure of our Lord. Wonderfully characteristic are some of the faces in the crowd that huddles together before the approach of the mounted Roman soldiery. Doré's second picture is a sunrise in Scotland. The sun, not yet visible above the horizon, has tinged the heavens with a warm hue of mellow gold, against which the pines on the hill-tops rear their serried forms. Below the hill slopes blank and bare, with granite boulders showing through the moss, and trunks of felled trees heaped together on the ground. The grey mists curl up from the ravine; all is loneliness, solitude, and silence, awaiting the first glad rays of the (as yet) unseen sun—a fine and characteristic landscape, painted with vigour and truth of observa-

tion. But the most remarkable revelation of Doré's genius to be found at the exhibition this year must be sought for in the sculpture department. His group of 'La Parque et l'Amour' is one of the most powerful and original of the later manifestations of his creative genius. Aged, wrinkled, draped in massive robes, sits the image of incarnate Fate. Between her knees stands Love, his languid head drooping backward on her breast, while above his boyish head that withered, immovable countenance gazes forth, steadfast and implacable from beneath a mass of heavy, hood-like drapery. The outspread wings of the boy-god are ruffled as from weariness or pain; he rests one hand upon his bow, while in the other he folds with listless fingers the golden thread of life. He does not see or heed that from beneath the hand that holds the bow the relentless and fatal shears held in the clasp of Fate are thrust forth and are on the point of closing on the shining strand. One withered foot of the crone rests upon Love's quiver; an hour-glass lies within the sweep of her ample robes. A strange and sinister conception is this, worked out with marvellous power.

The suffrages of public and critics alike have already proclaimed the 'General Marceau lying in State,' by J. P. Laurens, one of the most remarkable pictures at the present *Salon*. Painted with grave, severe reticence, with no attempt at sensation or melodramatic effect, this noble canvas shows like a leaf torn from history. Upon his camp-bed lies the dead hero, his head supported by a pillow, while beneath his form are spread the ample folds of his military cloak. The Austrian archduke stands at the foot of the couch, his head bowed in homage to the dead, while his staff are grouped to the left, grave, sorrowful, and bending in salutation. At the right of the couch sits the Austrian general Kray, his head buried in his hands, while a surgeon stands at the back, stiff and formal from the very effort to repress his emotion. Beside the head of the bed a French officer is weeping unrestrainedly; this figure is probably meant to typify the grief of France for the loss of this her noblest son. Grave and grandiose in its tragic simplicity, this picture reveals the noblest qualities, alike of colour and of composition, together with a rare skill in the management of light and shade. Were the Medal of Honour to be awarded by vote, the public suffrage would accord it without doubt to M. Laurens.

M. Boulanger, who for some seasons past has contented himself with sending to the *Salon* annually a delicately-finished scene or two from the daily life of ancient Rome, has suddenly abandoned that style of painting, to soar to more ambitious heights. His gigantic canvas of this year brings before us 'Saint Sebastian revealing himself to the Emperor Maximilian.' Erect on the steps of the staircase that the emperor is about to mount stands the meagre spectre-like figure of the saint, revealing the scarlet scars of his unhealed wounds by the gesture wherewith he raises his mantle above his head, a figure sinister and startling as a resurrected corpse, whose aspect sufficiently explains the terror wherewith the emperor and his attendants recoil from before it. The figure of the emperor is less successfully rendered than is the ghostly image of the saint; in spite of his crown and crimson robes, Maximilian lacks dignity in his affright, and the pose of one of his legs is contorted and unnatural. The canvas is too empty, the saint alone occupying its centre, while the emperor and his guards are shrinking into one corner. Such a defect of composition is especially striking in a work of such large proportions. M. Boulanger would have done better had he represented the scene on a canvas of smaller dimensions.

Carolus Duran exhibits two portraits, neither of which will do anything to advance his reputation. His 'Portrait of a Lady' shows us a damsel extended at full length on a sofa, arrayed in white satin, and displaying a very pretty pair of feet. The covering of the sofa, a gay, white-grounded stuff, brocaded with coloured flowers, and the glaring red plush of the cushion against which the lady leans, produce a crude and inharmonious combination of tones. The satin of the lady's dress is too grey in its shadows; one has to turn to the 'Portrait of Madame Mir,' by Cabanel, to see how satin ought to be painted and to note the difference. The head and hands of the sitter are well represented, but as usual her ladyhood and refinement have disappeared beneath that pitiless pencil that, were it transferring a duchess to the canvas, would not fail to change her into a *cocotte*. The other portrait, that of a



little child in brown velvet, standing before a blue curtain, if less ambitious, is also more satisfactory.

One of the finest portraits in the present *Salon* is from the vigorous pencil of George Becker, whose powerful but disagreeable picture of Rizpah, exhibited two years ago, scarcely revealed so much feeling for beauty and skill in reproducing it as the present picture indicates. The lady, a handsome, dark-eyed, low-browed damsel, wears the costume of the first empire, a short-sleeved, short-waisted white dress, with a pale, greenish-yellow scarf dropping loosely from her arms, and a diadem of golden leaves encircling her well-formed head. The background, a greenish-blue cur-

tain, and the carpet of pale red, are painted in a free and sketchy style that serves to enhance the force and finish wherewith the head, hands, and arms, are executed. The handsome face is singularly expressive, and the arms are models of roundness and symmetry, whose full outlines the light caresses with a lingering splendour. The other contribution of M. Becker, a large canvas representing the youthful Jesus in the act of receiving a lesson in carpentry from St. Joseph, has already been noticed in these pages. It merits more than a second glance, on account of the vitality of its personages, the grace and sweetness of the divine boy, and the archæological accuracy of its details. LUCY H. HOOPER.

## NOTES ON THE LONDON ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

### I.

**T**HE annual exhibition of the Royal Academy opened at Burlington House on May 7th, and consists of 1,539 works, which are apportioned among the various departments of Art in this way: oil-paintings, 880; water-colours, 257; miniatures, 37; engravings, etchings, drawings, &c., 62; architectural drawings, 164; sculpture, 139. The

complaints of favouritism and wrong judgment on the part of the hanging committee are current as usual, and in some instances appear to be well founded. It is in our power to do no more than glance at some of the more important pictures.

F. Goodall, R.A., seeks this year "fresh woods and pastures new," and has assuredly found them in his Scotch landscape of 'Glencoe' (2). The cattle in the foreground he doubtless intends for Kyloes, but he has failed to seize either their proportions or their character. If the visitors will look at H. Garland's 'Highland Drove' (7), or Peter Graham's Highland cattle among the blooming heather during 'A Glimpse of Sunshine' (46), both of whom understand perfectly the points of the animal, the difference will be at once apparent. Mr. Goodall has another picture out of his ordinary track, called 'The Time of Roses' (216), showing a handsome young mother holding up her crowing baby to a rose-tree; but the work in which his admirers will most care to see his beauties is doubtless the large one occupying the place of honour in Gallery No. VII., representing the graceful coming and going of the female 'Water-Carriers' of the Nile (614).

J. Pettie, R.A., has one of the most intensely expressed figures he ever painted—'Hunted Down' (28): a half-naked Highlander, with bloody claymore, has taken refuge in a rocky fastness, from which he looks forth with eager gaze and desperate resolve to mark the possible approach of the foe. We scarcely can decide whether this or the same painter's 'Sword and Dagger Fight' (203), by the side of a darkling wood—one of the combatants being in black, the other in white—is the more fearfully dramatic. Both subjects lend themselves most readily to the rugged brush-work so peculiarly characteristic of this section of the Scottish school, created by Messrs. Pettie and Orchardson. 'A Knight of the Seventeenth Century' (96) in black armour, and with an airy freedom about the set of his head, is from the same vigorous brush; and it will, perhaps, be information to some of our readers if we tell them that this gallant knight is a portrait of William Black, author of "A Princess of Thule."

To find, however, a portrait equal in power to Mr. Pettie's knight in black armour, we must go to Mr. Millais's 'Yeoman of the Guard' (52), whom we see gravely seated, staff in hand. The forcible flash of red with which the Beefeater's coat is painted drags one up to the picture from the farthest corner of the room. There are, perhaps, only two other men in the Academy who could throw on the canvas the colour so vividly. The figure-subject proper, however, of the distinguished Academician is the picture he calls 'Yes' (409), in which is depicted the parting of two lovers. He, great-coated and buckled for a long journey, if we may judge by the portmanteau behind, presses her hand nervously, and gives at last utterance to the question which has trembled on his lips so long; and she, with a tearful expression of love and

trust, looks up in his face and lets firmly from her quivering mouth a joyful "Yes." The pathos of this picture is only to be equalled by the same artist's 'Meeting of Effie Deans and Geordie Robertson at the Dykeside,' which is now being exhibited at the King Street Galleries. The other contribution of Mr. Millais is a fine landscape from the glorious neighbourhood of Dunkeld. We can almost hear the wooded banks of the tumultuous stream, as it dashes among the boulders, echoing as it were 'The Sound of many Waters' (273).

Mrs. E. M. Ward's 'Princess Charlotte of Wales' (45), binding up with her pocket-handkerchief the wounded hand of a poor ragged boy, is just such a subject as would commend itself to the sympathetic nature of Mrs. Ward. She has seized the situation entirely, and therefore compels the spectator to share with her the sentiment conveyed by the story. We take this opportunity of congratulating her husband on his return to his historic studies. Of the five contributions of Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., two at least belong to this category. These are 'The Last Interview between Napoleon I. and Queen Louisa of Prussia (mother of the present Emperor of Germany) at Tilsit, 1808' (408)—a dramatic episode set forth with all that powerful *vraisemblance* for which Mr. Ward is so justly distinguished; and 'William III. at Windsor' (197), granting gracious permission to Elizabeth Edwards to erect a shed in the gateway of the lower ward, that she might pursue her avocation as sempstress, and maintain herself and many children from becoming a burthen on the parish. To the left we see two guards presenting arms as the king puts his kindly hand on the eldest boy, while the younger ones cling shyly round their mother. The architectural accessories have been carefully studied, and, although the incident recorded be in itself trifling, the art of the painter has given it significance, and raised it into historic importance.

For a picture of animal life, in presence of which a man might live his days in peace, we would commend the 'Milking-Time in Jersey' (72), by E. Douglas, in which is, in the foreground, a beautiful cow licking her calf, while milking operations are going on beyond. Sir Edwin himself had never a finer sense of texture than we have here; and had he found such a subject to paint he could scarcely have rendered with it greater suavity.

G. D. Leslie, R.A., shows us in his soothing and cajoling way a group of sweet young girls who have been gathering cowslips. One has need of some gentle reassurance of this kind when one looks to the canvas above, and sees what sad confusion 'The Fall of Man' (100) made throughout all animated Nature: Bouverie Goddard displays in it, no doubt, much knowledge of animal life, and of feline nature especially. But we do not see here so much "signs of woe that all was lost," as ramping and raging among the wild beasts of the field at "completing of the mortal sin original." This picture, as a *tour de force* in the way of animal painting, is grand enough; but it would form a very disturbing element if hung in a room where a nervously imaginative man lived.

To the left of Mr. Leslie's 'Cowslips' hangs a glowing picture of 'Joan of Arc' (91) when a young peasant-girl, hysterically susceptible, beholding, from the rocky ledge which she occupies, visions of glory, as she imagines, in the clouds that surround the set-



ting sun. It is by P. H. Calderon, R.A., and with heartfelt pleasure we welcome back this artist to the active practice of his profession. Illness and a series of domestic afflictions have, during the last two or three years, almost arrested the creative faculty within him; with returning health and tone comes back also the vigour of his imagination. Of the half-dozen works he has sent to the Academy the most important is his large picture (215) illustrating Tennyson's tender lines:

"Home they brought her warrior dead;  
She nor swooned nor uttered cry.  
All her maidens, watching, said  
'She must weep, or she will die.'"

They have laid him, mail-clad as he was, upon his curtained bed, and with a dazed indifference, a wild calmness, she gazes on him as he lies before her stark and still. The world fades from her, her breast heaves with a long deep pain that brings no relief, life is on the point of leaving her, and she is following her dead warrior, when—

"Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee;  
Like summer tempest came her tears:  
'Sweet, my child! I live for thee!'"

Besides the two pictures we have named, Mr. Calderon has a remarkably pleasing full face of a lady he calls 'Constance' (98); a delightful portrait of the 'Marchioness of Waterford' (518); a humorous and realistic bit of current life (311), showing an old Kentish farmer and his daughter, who have come to draw their dividends of the 'Reduced Three Per Cents,' approaching with awe the red-robed beadle of the Bank of England; and a very delightful picture called 'The Fruit-Seller' (490).

To the left of Mr. Calderon's 'Joan of Arc' hangs 'The Fairy Ring' (88) of Valentine W. Bromley. Two or three little country-girls have discovered under a tree one of those circles in the grass popularly believed to be made by the dancing of fairies, and having taken possession of the fairy-ground seem to be engaged in some impromptu performance. There is a nice little glimpse of landscape beyond, and altogether the picture is as pretty a transcript of simple Nature as is to be found in the whole exhibition. But this artist sent to the Gallery a far better painted and altogether a much more important picture than 'The Fairy Ring.' It represents the tracking of a Cavalier to his own manor by some Roundheads, and the culmination of their visit in an incident strongly dramatic: unfortunately, no room was found for it in the gallery. The death of this promising young artist soon followed the disappointment.

Of the circumstance of the four classical illustrations of the 'Seasons' (117, 118, 119, and 120) by Alma-Tadema, being relegated by the hanging committee to a corner of the room, we have good cause to complain: the compositions are on a small scale, and, though exquisitely painted, they are quite of a character to attract the many. Still some consideration might have been shown to a master whose Art-merits are certainly not inferior to those of the great bulk of the Academicians.

G. E. Hicks has acquired lately a much broader style and wields a more generous pencil than was his wont; but he must not allow this greater sympathy with the beautiful and the sensuous to run away with him. His 'Fisherman's Wife' (68), clasping her baby, is surely idealized too much. Queens of beauty, and sometimes even of refinement, though not of the conventional kind, appear every now and then among the humbler orders of society, and we suppose this remarkably handsome creature, upon whom Mr. Hicks has stumbled, is one of them.

In the life of St. Patrick there occurs the beautiful legend of his ascending the hill on which he afterwards built a church, and finding a roe with her little fawn beside her. He would not allow his companions to kill them, continues this pretty and most credible story (in the "Acta Sanctorum"), "but taking the fawn in his arms he carried it to a place of safety, while the roe followed him like a pet lamb." This delightful 'Legend of St. Patrick' (70) Briton Rivière has narrated for us pictorially in his very happiest vein. If one of the leading requirements of a picture, and indeed of all works of Art, whether plastic or pictorial, be to convey pleasure, then Mr. Rivière's St. Patrick is eminently successful. He is unquestionably

tionably a believer in this grand doctrine; and had not the faith that is in him been keen and self-sustaining he would have made disastrous shipwreck when he came to paint 'Lazarus' and the dogs (589). As it is, the picture, so far from having in it any element of repulsiveness, is really, from the almost human-like expression of sympathy in the faces of the dogs, interesting and attractive.

'An Egyptian Feast' (83), by E. Long, A., is the great outcome of a teeming imagination, constrained and guided by a ripe scholarship, a trained judgment, and projected on the canvas with a hand of the rarest cunning; and yet the hangers have had the bad taste to deny it the honour of the great room, in which alone a picture of its size can be adequately seen. This great Egyptian hall, with its many guests in semi-tropical costume, was painted by Mr. Long to illustrate that passage in Herodotus which tells us that, when a great banquet among the rich was ended, slaves brought round to the several guests a bier on which there was a wooden image of a corpse, carved and painted to resemble Nature as nearly as possible. As it was shown to each guest in turn, the attendant said, "Gaze here, and drink, and be merry, for when you die such will you be." To this Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson adds a very beautiful note, in which he says that the Egyptian view of death was not a gloomy one, connected as it was with the prospect of a happy union with Osiris, and that the original object of the custom was doubtless to teach men "to love one another, and to avoid those evils which tend to make them consider life too long, when in reality it is too short." The merits of Mr. Long's work lie in his archæological knowledge, as already hinted; also in the wonderful variety of expressive action and detail, which, however, he keeps wisely subservient to the general effect, and thus maintains breadth and unity. Moreover, *ceteris paribus*, the warmth and wealth of his colouring give Mr. Long an advantage over every other workman in a similar field, whether that field be Classical or Oriental.

The briny odours of the sea come to us as we look on 'Word from the Missing' (126), by J. C. Hook, R.A. A poor fisher-girl has come to the beach to gather drift-wood; and her little brother playing about, and, boy-like, looking for what flotsam and jetsam in his small way the sea may have cast up, has come upon a bottle, which has evidently been some time in the water, for a piece of seaweed has grown to it. He holds his prize up to the wondering eyes of his little sister, who stoops, as little children will do, that she may the more readily catch a proper sight of the paper that is within, and which contains the "word from the missing." Mr. Hook is as delightful and fresh and true to Nature in these sea-pictures as ever. His other contributions are 'A Gull-Catcher' (182)—a little boy on the seashore hauling in with a long line the bird he has caught—and a landscape with numerous dead plovers, wild-ducks, and other birds lying in a heap in the foreground, 'He shot a Fine Shoot' (337)—a picture scarcely equal to Mr. Hook's high reputation in all its details. But any shortcomings here are more than atoned for by his 'Friends in Rough Weather' (380); we see a group of hardy fisher-folks—men and women—and one of the former is in the act of taking from a dog's mouth the end of a line; for it appears that "in some of the small fishing villages on the coast of Devon dogs are trained to swim through the surf to boats returning in rough weather, and bring to land a rope by which those on shore haul the boats to the beach."

Another Academician shows no abatement of his power, either in truth of eye, cunning of hand, or warm outcome of the imagination. It is true his themes are homely, but then they are so admirably treated that in looking at his pictures one forgets all about high Art and thinks only of eternal human nature. We leave detailed criticism to our daily contemporaries, and content ourselves with simply drawing attention to what is most worthy in the exhibition. This is our excuse for merely naming the contributions of T. Faed, R.A.; they are, first, a mother whose chair is drawn up in front of the fire that she may warm baby's 'Little Cold Tooties' (105). The second is 'A Runaway Horse' (448), which, to the immense dismay of old and young, comes tearing through a country village: a sturdy little girl runs across the road with a heavy bairn in her arms, and another little girl conducts her granny to a place of safety; the aspect and action of this old lady, as she feels the wall with her tremulous hand, give immense value to the picture, and show how true an observer Mr. Faed is in all



that pertains to human nature from "dawn to sunset." His third contribution, to our eye, is the best of them all. With that *amor patriæ* of which he, at least, is never ashamed, he makes it illustrate the tender Scotch ballad of "Logan Braes." It is 'In Time of War' (266); we see two children sleeping in their little bed, and their mother with baby in her lap, leaning on her elbow, pondering on her hapless lot, deprecating the cruel ambition of "men o' state," and envying the thrush who hears with joy the song of her mate as she sits among her nestlings:—

"But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,  
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,  
Pass widowed nights and joyless days,  
While Willie's far frae Logan Braes."

J. E. Hodgson, A., indulges in a little quiet humour at the expense of his Oriental friends. For example, he represents 'Commercial Activity in the East' (124) by a bazaar, in three of the open stalls of which the merchant occupants are calmly sleeping. But it is perhaps mid-day, at which time people generally, in warm countries, very sensibly, indulge in a siesta. There is a suppressed humour also in his 'Pampered Menials' (156) and in 'Relatives in Bond' (415), to whose grated prison-window their friends outside hoist up baskets of provisions. Like the first, these are both Eastern subjects, and are full of character and local colour. Mr. Hodgson seems emulous of following the example of Mr. Millais, and of achieving eminence in landscape as well as in figure-subjects; and if 'Their Haven under the Hill' (428), a large canvas showing some yachts in a harbour, beyond which rises abruptly and picturesquely a dominating hill, be a fair specimen of his landscape powers, there is little doubt but he will obtain the object of his ambition. Besides, this landscape practice will impart to his pencil a richness and generosity which we desire to see in his figure-subjects.

James Archer's 'Rose' (127), a remarkably sweet girl, full-faced, fair-complexioned, standing, in a light dress and quilted satin petticoat, is one of the most fascinating portraits in this room. Mr. Archer had doubtless a lovely sitter, and he shows that he deserved his good fortune. If it were possible for him to have gone beyond this achievement, he has certainly done so in 'Florence Zelia, Youngest Daughter of Keith Stuart Mackenzie, of Seaforth' (492), representative of the ancient chiefs of Kintail. 'Florence' is a dark little fairy who, with her hands lying in the lap of her crimson frock, sits in a great green chair, and looks out on the spectator so artlessly and winningly with her full round eyes that he would run up and kiss the olive-tinged face which forms so sweetly plump an oval, were the picture where it ought to be, on the line, and nobody happened to be in the room. Here, again, we must award half the praise to the cunning of the artist and half to the native fascination of the dear little sylph that sits to him. It may not be altogether uninteresting to our readers if we tell them that the grandmother of this little beauty, the late Honourable Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, of Seaforth, was the model from which Sir Walter Scott drew his matchless word-portrait of the Lady of the Lake.

The place of honour in the near end of the great room is worthily filled by Edward Armitage's large canvas representing 'An Anglo-Saxon Noble on his Deathbed giving Freedom to his Slaves' (168). The work is conceived largely, and carried out with a mastery and breadth which Mr. Armitage has never excelled in any former composition. He still paints with a dry, ascetic sort of brush, so to speak; but, when an artist comes to his work with a broad historic grasp of his subject such as we have here, it would be hypercriticism to condescend to minor matters.

Passing E. M. Ward's 'William III. at Windsor' (197), already noticed, we come to Sir John Gilbert's arrival of 'Cardinal Wolsey at Leicester Abbey' (201). The torches of the monks struggle with the moonlight; the cardinal is on his mule, wan and worn, and holds out his hands appealingly to the surprised and anxious abbot:—

"O father abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;  
Give him a little earth, for charity."

The story of Wolsey seems to have had a sort of fascination for the mind of Sir John; but among the many episodes he has illustrated in the life of the ambitious priest whose genius justified him in aspiring to the chair of St. Peter, never has the artist been so touching as here. Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, under the Master of the Rolls, apportions certain periods of English history to such scholars as he knows have made those periods their peculiar study; and, if the state were to have the history of England set forth pictorially in public places, the reigns of Henry VIII. and Charles I. would most assuredly be confided to the English Rubens.

We next come to a most recognisable portrait of 'Sir William Gull, Bart.' (202), painted by the worthy President of the Academy, Sir Francis Grant, who we think has excelled himself this year. In support of our opinion we would point to 'The Lady Victoria Leveson-Gower on her Pony' (263), following the hounds; and especially to the 'Duke of Rutland, K.G., on his Shooting Pony' (416), on his Derbyshire moors, with two of his keepers, whose names the catalogue immortalises. 'The Rev. M. S. S. Johnstone' (444) is also a highly characteristic portrait. From the spot where the reverend gentleman is seated, *Quarterly Review* in hand—a certificate to a certain extent of literary culture—we get a view of his church, which we are glad to see is in good repair, so that the parishioners who present the picture to Mr. Johnstone will not be troubled on that score for some time to come. 'But although Sir Francis has thus had his hands tolerably full of portrait commissions, he could not altogether forget his old sporting instincts, and to gratify them he has painted 'Suspicion' (360), a noble stag snuffing the air while the hinds stand timidly back.

Passing Mr. Pettie's grim fight with sword and dagger, which will help to make this year's Academy memorable, and of which we have already spoken, we come to what, in our opinion, is the most striking bit of Art-work in the whole exhibition. It is the 'Music-Lesson' (209) of Frederick Leighton, R.A. A young girl of European fairness and a little sister, who leans lovingly against her bosom, are seated in a marble niche, which, like the robes they wear, is Oriental in character. With one hand the elder adjusts the fingers of her pupil to the finger-board of the instrument, while with the other she screws it into tune. What makes this picture valuable in our eyes and worthy the place of honour which it occupies is, first, the perfect oneness of the conception, the unity of action and sentiment; and, secondly, the preciousness of the art with which he has carried his idea out. The exercise of the sense of touch must be to Mr. Leighton an enjoyment of the most refined and exquisite kind. All through his career he has been notable for his treatment of the human hand; and here we have the elegant fingers of the grown woman intertwined with those of her little pupil in a fashion so beautifully tender and sympathetic that we absolutely sigh with admiration as we look. Now this sensuousness of finish, this quality of preciousness, which Mr. Leighton evidently regards as an essential element in Art—as we see in this picture of the 'Music-Lesson;' in that of the fair little girl ('Study,' 268), seated on the Turcoman carpet in a figured dress, examining studiously what appears to be an album, possibly the Koran; and in the bright, blue-eyed little 'Miss Mabel Mills' (612), in her black-velvet dress, with neck beaded and frilled, and her prettily-set head crowned with a claret-coloured Gainsborough—will be at once readily understood if the visitor will glance at 'Rejected Addresses' (208), by R. Ansdell, R.A., hanging above the 'Music-Lesson;' it represents a pack of hounds fawning round a sturdy country wench, whose occupation of potato-peeling has been suddenly interrupted by their friendly gambols. We by no means intend to imply that Mr. Ansdell's remarkably able delineations of animal life are not carried out in a manipulative method perfectly in harmony with his subject. All that we wish to point out is, that his idea of Art is far removed from Mr. Leighton's, and that, the two pictures being so close together, the visitor may judge for himself of the distance and its significance,



## NOTES.

**ART IN BOSTON.**—The most notable Art-event in Boston during the past month has been the exhibition, at one of the galleries, of some thirty pictures by William M. Hunt. The announcement of an exhibition by Hunt always attracts attention; he has a crowd of enthusiastic friends, who are so lavish in their admiration as to provoke a good deal of sharp criticism from those whose taste in Art differs from theirs. Both partisans and critics, however, look for his productions with interest; for, whatever any one's judgment of them may be, it is agreed on every hand that they are seldom or never commonplace. The recent exhibition was rather one of sketches and studies than of finished and elaborate works. They were the result mainly of Mr. Hunt's winter labours, and included portraits and landscapes as well as sketches. But, being mere studies for the most part, the exhibition was less interesting to the general lover of Art than to students, critics, and other painters. It was a good opportunity to judge of Hunt's processes, which are of course best revealed in what we may perhaps call anatomical views of artistic products. The landscapes were less marked in colouring or treatment than some of the figures. One of the latter, of an Oriental youth, was especially remarked for exquisite expression and graceful drawing; and a portrait of a little girl was also worthy of attentive scrutiny. . . . In another gallery was to be seen a less pretentious yet interesting collection of canvases from the easel of J. Appleton Brown, almost exclusively of marine and landscape views. Among the more noticeable were a view of a part of the Isles of Shoals in a storm, which was very spirited; an attractive view of 'Newbury Meadows,' which is very bright and clear, and admirably handled; a landscape, 'September,' and 'Sunset on Little River.' . . . A number of pictures, mostly portraits, were exhibited in the same gallery by George Fuller, who has never displayed works more admired or more creditable to his fine talents. One canvas, representing some women washing at a trough, shaded by a wide-spreading tree, was full of delicacy and pleasant suggestiveness. . . . Sidney H. Morse has just finished a bust of William Ellery Channing, which those who saw the subject declare to be a good likeness. The expression is very animated. Mr. Morse has also completed a bust of Jefferson, from a portrait belonging to one of Jefferson's family. . . . Four pictures by Ernest Longfellow, son of the poet, who is abroad, have been exhibited at one of the galleries. He is one of the rising young artists, these pictures showing a marked improvement over those displayed at the Art Club Exhibition of 1876. There are more firmness and confidence of tone both in his drawing and colouring, and it is evident that his special talent lies in landscape-Art.

PERHAPS the most important Art publication of the year is M. Racinet's "Le Costume Historique," now publishing in parts in Paris, and for which Messrs. J. W. Bouton & Co., of New York, are the American agents. It is to consist, to copy the descriptive title in full, of 500 plates, 300 of which are in colours, gold, and silver, and 200 in "Camafeu" (or improved tinted lithography), executed in the finest style of art by Messrs. Firmin-Didot & Co., of Paris, representing authentic examples of the costumes and ornaments of all times among all nations, with numerous choice specimens of furniture, glass, ornamental metal-work, arms and armour, useful articles, modes of transport, &c. With explanatory notices and an historical dissertation (in French). To be issued in twenty parts, in two editions, one on large folio paper, the other on small quarto. It is seen at once by this explanatory title that "Le Costume Historique" is an ambitious work, designed to be a complete illustrated cyclopædia of costumes of all periods and all nations. It is not, however, merely a work on costume, but includes all features that pertain to it, or which exhibit modes of life, giving views of home interiors (these are specially admirable, and of great interest), illustrations of arms and armour, details of ornamentation, furniture, things of every-day use, means of transportation—everything, indeed, that is connected with the personal surroundings of men in different periods and countries. The plan is comprehensive, and, judging by the two parts which have been published, the purpose of the work has been carried out in the most thorough manner. To the execution of the illustrations—and the Art-aspect of the work concerns us most—too much praise can scarcely be given. The plates in colours are equal to the best specimens of chromo-lithography we have ever seen. The purity of the tints, the

brilliance of the colours, the faultless execution of the designs, must make them admired by all who see them. It seems impossible that colour-printing could be carried to greater perfection. It is safe to say that such exquisite workmanship could not be obtained outside of Paris. The wonder is, how so costly an enterprise can pecuniarily succeed; but fortunately, the zealous author and publisher are enabled to appeal to the cultivated Art-public of not France alone, but to that of all Europe and America.

**HENRY WEEKES, R.A.**—This accomplished English sculptor died in London, on the 29th day of May, at the age of seventy. He was born in Canterbury, and at an early age became a pupil of the late Mr. Behnes, and afterwards he studied under Chantrey. He advanced very rapidly in his profession, and was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1850. One of his earliest works was a portrait-bust of Queen Victoria, the first that was taken after her accession to the throne. Among his principal works, nearly all of which have achieved world-wide renown, are the colossal statues of Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley which form a part of the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford; of Lord Bacon at Trinity College; of Dr. Goodall, at Eaton; of the Marquis of Wellesley, at the India House; of Lord Auckland, at Calcutta; of Sir E. Barnes, in Ceylon; of Charles II., in the House of Lords; and one of the groups for the Albert Memorial. His principal portrait-busts are those of Dean Buckland, Lord Truro, Sir C. Bell, the Duke of Marlborough, and Sir George Cornwall Lewis. In 1850 he exhibited at the Royal Academy, his 'Suppliant,' in 1852 'A Shepherd,' and in the same year received the gold medal offered by the Society of Arts for the best treatise on the Fine-Art section of the Great Exhibition. In 1863 he was elected a Royal Academician. During recent years Mr. Weekes has filled the professor's chair of Sculpture in the Royal Academy, and his principal works have been portrait-sculptures. In 1873 he exhibited busts of the Royal Academician Ansdell, and Edmund Hammond Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and in 1874 a head of Field-Marshal Sir George Pollock.

**ART IN CHICAGO.**—Charles S. Stobie has recently exhibited in Chicago several landscape-pictures illustrating scenes on the Western Plain in Colorado and elsewhere. Two of his principal works are entitled 'On the Divide,' and 'Grand River, Middle Park,' and both represent Colorado scenery. Mr. Stobie has passed several years among the Indians, and has made a large number of studies of savage life and customs. Schwerdt, M. W. Clarke, Tuttle, Turner, and Petersen, are painting portraits. Cyrenius Hall has painted several heads of street children—his latest is that of a little crossing-sweeper. Prof. Spread is at present engaged upon two cabinet compositions, entitled 'Evangeline' and 'The Pompeian Honey-Girl.' He has recently finished two landscapes of 'St. Saviour on the banks of the Gave, Switzerland,' and 'Five Peaks, West Coast of Ireland.'—The Art-schools of the Chicago Academy of Design have done much good work in the cause of culture, but of late they have been very inadequately supported. The *Journal*, of that city, says in substance that the people of Chicago, generally, are not aware of the great advantages which they possess in having such an institution in their midst. The cast-room is superior in light and size to that of the New York Academy, and is the only one west of New York that pretends to give the same instruction and methods of the principal academies of the old countries. The various branches of Art taught in the schools are: painting from life, portraiture, crayon-drawing from casts, water-colour painting, modelling, and landscape-study. To these advantages must be added the still greater one—that of able instructors, such as Professors Gookins and Spread, and Messrs. Mel and Carpenter. Professor Gookins is a student of the Munich school and only returned from Europe to his Chicago home two years ago.

THE Corcoran Gallery of Art, at Washington, has just received from Elkington & Co., Birmingham, a reproduction, in fictile ivory, of the celebrated 'Straus Tankard' in the South Kensington Museum. The Gallery already possessed a copy in metal, but the new one is more interesting, as it is an exact imitation of the original, which was of carved ivory mounted in silver.



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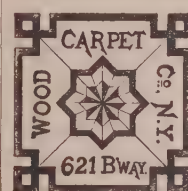
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APPLETONS' NEW YORK MEDICAL JOURNAL,

APPLETONS' JOURNAL,

APPLETONS' ART JOURNAL,

APPLETONS' RAILWAY GUIDE.



Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. conduct an office at No. 41 Park Row, New York, for the reception of advertisements for American newspapers.

When an advertiser wishes to avail himself of their services he is required to specify what he desires to have done, or, Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. will, if so requested, advise him what, in their opinion, will be most likely to accomplish the object which he has in view.

Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. claim to be able to secure the insertion of any advertisement in any American newspaper at as low a rate as would be accorded to the advertiser should he apply to the journal direct, and expect to be allowed by the publisher an agent's commission to remunerate them for the time and expense of transacting the business.

Notwithstanding the above claim (which is put forth in good faith), Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. recognize the fact that they do not personally own or control the newspapers for which they receive advertisements, and that it is unwise for them to assume to become responsible for the peculiar ideas which any publisher (whether inexperienced or experienced) may happen temporarily to adopt; they therefore make the following sentence a head-line upon all the blanks used in their office for estimates of the cost of inserting advertisements:

"THIS ESTIMATE DOES NOT GUARANTEE THAT THE PUBLISHERS OF THE PERIODICALS NAMED UPON IT WILL ACCEPT THE ADVERTISING AT THE PRICES NAMED."

This may be construed as an intimation that Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. will not consent to do business without a profit. It is an admission that they cannot always tell what a publisher of a newspaper will or will not do. This they are free to admit, knowing that their position in the business of newspaper advertising, and the patronage which they control, enable them to have a better knowledge upon the subject than is possessed by any other to whom an advertiser can apply. Publishers of every section grant to Geo. P. Rowell & Co. every favor which can be allowed to any one.

Although Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. are remunerated for services by a commission or reduction allowed by the newspaper at the time of settlement, yet they recognize the fact that their profit actually comes from the advertiser, and none other; it is a part of the money which the advertiser pays, which remains with Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. as a commission or profit; that without the advertiser they could make no profit, therefore it is to the advertiser that they owe service. They work, therefore, for the advertiser, and with the advertiser; and that they may do this to best advantage they confine their efforts to transacting the business of those advertisers who put patronage in their hands, and trust to them for faithful service. If pleased with Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s methods of business, their commendations will induce others to intrust to them their advertising interests.

The advertiser specifies the style of display and the position his advertisement shall occupy. Every point which he deems important may be insisted upon to the veriest minutiae. Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. do not guarantee that any paper will comply with all the requirements set forth, but they do agree that, unless every paper does so comply, it shall not have the order, or the advertiser be asked to pay for an insertion not in accordance with specifications.

The method of business adopted by Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., and set forth above, is incompatible with the system of getting competing estimates for advertising contracts from various advertising agencies.

Any advertiser has an undoubted right to obtain all the estimates he can and award his contract where he pleases; but Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. do not find it profitable to enter into competitions, for reasons set forth above. They do not own the papers, and therefore are not willing to guarantee what they possibly may be unable to obtain.

For the following classes of advertisements Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. generally expect to ask of their patrons the publishers' regular schedule rates:

An advertisement to be inserted a few times only in a small list of strictly first-class dailies.

Advertisements, whether large or small, requiring special display or position, if to appear no more than once or twice, or concerning which editorial mention is to be asked.

A short reading notice to go but once in prominent journals.

Legal advertisements to be inserted in but few papers, and requiring special care as to wording and dates of issue.

For the following classes of advertisements Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. can generally secure reductions for their patrons from publishers' schedule rates—sometimes very large reductions:

Such as run by the quarter, six months, or year, with or without changes.

Such as amount to large sums at schedule rates in individual papers, and have no characteristics by which the publisher may conclude that they must go in his paper.

Any sort of an advertisement which is to go into a considerable number of country papers, especially if but little type-setting is required.

#### EXAMPLE OF WHAT WOULD BE CALLED A VERY LARGE REDUCTION.

Most country weeklies of, say, 1,000 weekly circulation, charge 10c. a line per week for reading notices, making a twenty-line notice cost \$2, and a sheet of fifty-two such notices to appear weekly for one year would at this rate amount to \$104; yet the average price at which the insertion of such notices can be secured will not exceed \$26, or 2½c. a line. In some cases papers with 1,000 weekly issues will accept as little as \$16, or fifty-two insertions of a notice to stand without change might be contracted for in some instances as low as \$6, which would hardly exceed half a cent a line each insertion; but did the publisher of the paper know that the advertising agency had positively contracted to secure the use of his columns at such a rate, without consultation with him, he might be strongly tempted to point to his schedule of prices and insist that they be sustained. Experience teaches it to be best for all parties that the agent *shall not sell what he does not own*.

To accept \$26 for an advertisement which at rates amounts to \$104 would be making a large reduction; to accept \$6 for the same advertisement would be a VERY LARGE reduction.

*Will shortly remove to No. 10 Spruce St., opposite the Tribune Building.*





# International Centennial Exhibition, 1876.

MEDALS AND AWARDS TO

## MITCHELL, VANCE & CO.,

NEW YORK.

The United States Centennial Commission announce the following report as the basis of an Award to MITCHELL, VANCE & CO., Nos. 836 & 838 Broadway, and 72 & 74 East 13th Street, near Union Square, New York City, for GAS-FIXTURES and ECCLESIASTICAL WARE. REPORT:

- 1st.—This exhibit is of a large, complete, and varied character, of special excellence in design, workmanship, and finish and is arranged with great taste and skill.
- 2d.—In Gilt and Polished Brass Gas-Fixtures, the exhibit is of excellence in the wide variety of designs employed, its elegance and artistic character, and the high order of finish attained. In combinations of metal with porcelain glass, rich effects have been here produced.
- 3d.—In Steel-finished Fixtures, a novelty of beauty and durability is presented.
- 4th.—The Double Slide Extension-Light presents certain features of durability and regularity of motion that are of merit while the arrangements for avoiding the heating and smoking of the rest of the Chandelier are unique.
- 5th.—In Bronze Fixtures, both real and spelter, this exhibit is of excellence, as well in workmanship and finish as in character and tastefulness of design.
- 6th.—In Crystal Gas-Fixtures, the size of the integral parts, the integrity of the character of the Goods as "CRYSTAL" (few wires or chains being used, the arms, etc., being solid Crystal), the beauty and taste, as well as novelty of the designs employed, and the excellence of the material used, give this part of the exhibit prominence and value.
- 7th.—In Ecclesiastical Ware, Altar and Sanctuary Lights, Candlesticks, Coronas, Chancel-Rails, etc., the several exhibits the Mediaeval and Gothic orders are of high merit. The Bronze and Brass Railings for Church use are of excellence and beauty, being architecturally correct in their respective schools.

[SEAL.]

Attest: ALEX. R. BOTELER, Secretary, pro tem.

A. T. GOSHORN, Director-General,  
J. R. HAWLEY, President.

The United States Centennial Commission announce the following report as the basis of an Award to MITCHELL, VANCE & CO., New York City, for BRONZE and MARBLE CLOCKS, BRONZES, and ZINC IMITATION BRONZES. REPORT:

For Marble Mantel-Clocks, with Mountings of Real Bronze and Zinc imitations of Bronze, with Figures, Vases, and Statuettes of the same, the Marble-work and the Metal-work of which are of General Excellence.

[SEAL.]

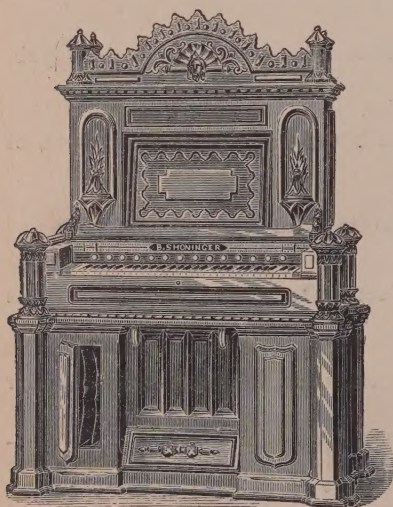
Attest: ALEX. R. BOTELER, Secretary, pro tem.

A. T. GOSHORN, Director-General,  
J. R. HAWLEY, President.

### MITCHELL, VANCE & CO.,

Designers and Manufacturers of Artistic Gas-Fixtures, Fine Bronze and Marble Clocks, Bronzes, etc.,

Nos. 836 & 838 BROADWAY, and 72 & 74 EAST 13th ST., near Union Square, New York City.



Highest Honors at the Centennial World's Fair, 1876.

## THE SHONINGER ORGANS

Pronounced unanimously as the  
BEST INSTRUMENTS.

Their comparative excellence is recognized by the JUDGES in their REPORT, from which the following is an extract:

"The B. SHONINGER ORGAN CO.'S EXHIBIT AS THE BEST INSTRUMENTS at a price rendering them possible to a large class of purchasers, having a combination of Reeds and Bells, producing novel and pleasing effects, containing many desirable improvements, will stand longer in dry or damp climate, less liable to get out of order, all the boards being made three-ply, put together so it is impossible for them to either shrink, swell, or split."

THE ONLY ORGANS AWARDED THIS RANK.

This Medal and Award was granted after the most severe competition of the best makers, before one of the most competent juries ever assembled.

New styles and prices just issued, which are in accordance with our rule, the BEST ORGAN for the least money. A fine Stool boxed free with each organ.

A liberal discount to the Clergy, Sunday-schools, Teachers, Churches, and Lodges.

Illustrated Catalogues and Price-Lists sent by mail, upon application to

B. SHONINGER ORGAN CO.,

(Established 1850.) 97 to 123 Chestnut St., New Haven, Conn.

A VOLUME OF CHARMING ART-GOSSIP.

## GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO.

By JAMES E. FREEMAN.

Mailed, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price.

16mo Cloth. Price.....\$1.25.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, 549 & 551 Broadway, New York.

### VANITY FAIR.

FOR MEERSCHAUM AND CIGARETTES.

IT DOES NOT BITE THE TONGUE.

which is free from mineral and other injurious substances.

L'AMERIQUE—A delicious Cigarette, of Perique and Vanity Fair. Most convenient and elegantly gotten up. Unlike all others. Samples, 15 cents. Highest Award, Vienna, 1873, and Centennial, 1876. Our Peerless and Plain Fine-Cut Chewing are unsurpassed.—The only brands receiving the Vienna Award. Always Uniform and Reliable.

PEERLESS TOBACCO-WORKS.

(5 PRIZE MEDALS.)

Our Cigarettes are as fine as can be produced. Only the best French Cigarette paper is used,

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,

Rochester, N. Y.

"No American author of the day charms so much."—Portland Argus.

## AFTER MANY DAYS

A Novel.

By CHRISTIAN REID.

NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & CO., PUBLISHERS.

### D. APPLETON & CO.,

549 & 551 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Have just published:

An Old World as seen through Young Eyes

or, Travels around the World. By ELLEN

WALWORTH. 1 vol., 12mo. Illustrated. \$2.

"The letters are just what they should be—natural, lively descriptions of the little incidents of travel and the scenes witnessed, with the freshness and vividness of letters written at time and on the spot to which one successively belongs."

History of European Morals from Augustus

to Charlemagne. By WM. E. H. LECKY, M.

Third edition, revised. 2 vols., 12mo. Cloth.

\$3.00.

"I have availed myself of the interval since the last edition subject this book to a minute and careful revision, removing inaccuracies as I have been able myself to discover, as well as those which have been brought under my notice by reviewers and correspondents."—Extract from Preface.



ESTABLISHED 1857.

**CHURCH FURNITURE**

IN GREAT VARIETY ALWAYS IN STOCK.

J. & R. LAMB, 59 Carmine St., N. Y.

SILK BANNERS, in Colors and Gold, \$5 each.

COMMUNION SILVER FOR MEMORIALS

EXECUTED IN STERLING SILVER, NEW DESIGNS.

ULPIT-DESKS, COMMUNION-TABLES, Etc.

CHAIRS, FONTS, PRIE-DIEUS, LECTERNS, Etc.

Specialties in HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE to order, in  
 metal, Carved Wood, etc.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES.	Furniture, 10 cts.	Metal and Stone, 10 cts.	Decorations and Embroideries, 10 cts.
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**THE STANDARD AMERICAN  
BILLIARD TABLES.**



THE STANDARD AMERICAN BEVEL TABLE, with the Combination Cushions, has received the unqualified approbation of all the leading players, and will be found in daily use in the principal cities of the world. The characteristics which have given these tables and cushions a world-wide reputation are: FIRST-CLASS WORKMANSHIP, UNIFORMITY OF CONSTRUCTION, AND DURABILITY.

H. W. COLLENDER,

Surviving Partner and Successor to PHELAN & COLLENDER,

738 BROADWAY,

P. O. Box 1847.

NEW YORK.

ASK FOR  
**ESTERBROOK'S**  
**STEEL PENS**

ESTERBROOK & CO  
FALCON PEN.

THE MOST POPULAR IN USE.  
FOR SALE BY ALL  
DEALERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

WORKS  
CAMDEN, N.J.  
NEW YORK OFFICE  
26  
John Street.

Leading Numbers of Pens. 048-114-130-606-333-444-128-161.

ALWAYS ASK FOR "ESTERBROOK'S."

**F. W. DEVOE & CO.,**  
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

FINE  
BRUSHES.

F. W. Devoe & Co.'s  
CANVAS  
FOR ARTISTS.

WATER  
COLORS,  
CAKES AND MOIST.

SCULPTORS'  
TOOLS.

F. W. Devoe & Co.'s  
ARTISTS' COLORS  
IN TUBES.

WAX  
FLOWER  
GOODS.

(Factories:—Horatio and Jane Streets, N. Y.)

**ARTISTS' MATERIALS,**  
WHITE LEAD, COLORS, AND VARNISHES,  
Cor. FULTON & WILLIAM STS., NEW YORK.

Fred'k W. Devoe,  
James E. Drummond,  
Fred'k Saunders, Jr.,  
J. Seaver Page.

**KINGSFORD'S  
Oswego Starch**

Is the BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL in the World.

Is perfectly PURE—free from acids and other foreign substances that injure Linen.

Is STRONGER than any other—requiring much less quantity in using.

Is UNIFORM—stiffens and finishes work always the same.

**KINGSFORD'S  
OSWEGO CORN STARCH**

Is the most delicious of all Preparations, for PUDDINGS,  
BLANC MANGE, CAKE, etc.

THE HANDSOMEST ILLUSTRATED WORK EVER PRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY.

**PICTURESQUE AMERICA:**

OR,

**THE LAND WE LIVE IN.**

EDITED BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A PICTORIAL DELINEATION OF THE MOUNTAINS, RIVERS, LAKES, FORESTS, WATER-FALLS, SHORES, CANYONS, VALLEYS, CITIES, AND OTHER PICTURESQUE FEATURES OF OUR COUNTRY.

The Publishers claim that no publication of the kind has ever been attempted in the country on a scale so large, with design so liberal, and with results so really magnificent. They offer it to the American public as not only the greatest and fullest exposition of our country that has yet been made, but as a monument of native art worthy the genius and reputation of our people.

The engravings consist of steel and wood. The steel plates are printed on heavy, toned plate-paper; the wood illustrations are of the finest character, and abundantly interspersed through the text, which is printed on heavy, extra-calendered, toned paper.

**CONDITIONS OF PUBLICATION.**

This work is published in semi-monthly parts, at Fifty Cents each, payable on delivery. Each part contains one highly-finished engraving on steel, and a large number of finely-executed woodcuts. The work is complete in Forty-eight Parts; the size imperial quarto.

Subscriptions received only for the entire work.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, 549 & 551 Broadway, New York.





*Repaussé Tilting Porcelain-lined Ice-Pitcher Set.*

THE  
**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,**

**550 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,**

*Manufacturers of*

**SILVER-PLATED WARE,  
PORCELAIN-LINED ICE-PITCHERS,**

**SPOONS, FORKS, TABLE-CUTLERY, Etc.,**

*Bearing the Company's Trade-Mark,*

**1847 ROGERS BROTHERS.**

**Extracts from the Centennial Judges' Report:**

*"Their Large Variety of Silver-Plated White Metal Hollow Ware is of Excellent Quality and Finish, and of Tasteful Designs."*

*"Their Silver-Plated Forks, Spoons, and Knives, are of Superior Quality and Excellent Finish. Their XII Plating, or extra plating on exposed parts, deserves commendation."*

**Extracts from American Institute Report:**

*"The Porcelain-Lined Double-Walled Ice-Pitchers are A 1, and possess all the qualities the Company claim."*

*"We consider the Goods made by this Company to be by far The Best made in this Country, and we believe in the World."*

First Premiums awarded at all Fairs where exhibited,  
from World's Fair, 1853, to American Institute  
Fairs, 1873, 1874, and 1875, inclusive,  
and at the Philadelphia Centennial  
Exhibition 1876.

1845.

**BUSINESS, 32 YEARS.**

1877.

**NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.,**

**346 & 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**

PURELY MUTUAL.

NO STOCKHOLDERS.

**DIVIDENDS ANNUALLY.**

Surplus, **6,000,000** Dollars.

Income, nearly **8,000,000** Dollars Yearly.

Assets, **34,000,000** Dollars.

**ORIGINATED NON-FORFEITURE POLICIES.**

**ADVANTAGES OFFERED ARE UNSURPASSED.**

**MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.**

**WILLIAM H. BEERS, Vice-President and Actuary.**